

THE ECLECTIC.

APRIL, 1861.

I.

WILLIAM COWPER.*

It is eighty years since ; if the reader had visited Olney, a very quiet little country town in Bedfordshire, he would have heard of—it is not likely he would have known—a gentleman, who, far beyond the period of middle life, had not only passed his life in obscurity, but seemed to have passed through the world without occupation of any kind ; in an old, by no means attractive, house, he led a hermit's existence with a lady much older than himself, who mingled for him far more than the ordinary reverence of wifehood with a tenderness and care which were not so much sisterly as motherly. He was more than an invalid, and needed far more the hand of hallowed sensibility than most invalids ever do. If we could be invisible and ubiquitous, and could by these magic attributes enter his quiet domains, we should most likely find him lavishing his tenderest attentions upon three favourite hares. Possibly the reader may not be a huntsman ; may not even be a naturalist ; may even have no relish for hare, jugged, or potted, or roasted ; but he must have felt an interest in those three hares. Seldom have dumb favourites been so immortalised as Puss, Tiny, and Bess. On the mind and heart of this gentle hermit there sat a perpetual brooding sorrow—a sorrow without an object or a cause, and when life seemed aimless and intentionless, a neighbour offered him a leveret, and he, glad to expend his affections upon any loving and loveable thing, received it, and afterwards two more ; and so he cheated time of its monotony, and sometimes life of its sorrows, by watching the habits, and

* The Life and Works of William Cowper. By Robert Southey. In Eight Volumes. H. G. Bohn.

Cowper's Life and Works. By Rev. S. S. Grimshaw. In One Volume. Tegg.

VOL. V.

manners, and waiting upon the wants of his three tame hares. We fear gentlemen of excited occupations, and ladies whose gentle eyes are wet with the evaporations of fiction, will scarcely appreciate the employment of the invalid; how he became a carpenter, and built them separate houses to live in; how he kept them washed, and sweet, and clean; how Puss leapt up in his lap, and, growing yet more familiar, even bit the thin hair from the temples of the gentle master; how he took him up, and carried him about in his arms; and how by the fire-light, while the active, sorrowing mind was brooding and musing, he would climb up, and fall asleep on his knee. How poor Puss fell ill, and how for three days the tender hermit watched, and nursed him, and kept him from his fellows; and how, when he recovered, he licked with gratitude his nurse's hand; first the back of it, and then the palm of it, and then in succession every finger of it. How the two always went for a walk together in the morning; and Puss, if he supposed the time was passing, came himself and drummed on the knee, and looked unspeakable rhetoric, and bit at the coat till he succeeded. Time would fail to recite the dreadful day when poor Puss, not knowing when he was well off, or with just a little disposition to see the world again, got into the world outside; and how the village was roused to retake him, and how at last he was extricated from a tan-pit, and washed, and brought home, more dead than alive, like a poor, misbehaved prodigal; and how he cost the master four shillings for his frolic; and how he never did so no more; and how he, and the cat, and the dog got on well and most amicably together; and how he died at the advanced age of twelve years. This we have ever held to be one of the sweetest chapters of natural history, considering who that recluse was, and what the exquisite gentleness and sweetness of his nature, and how impossible for him to know many of the loving lights and reliefs of life. We have ever thought we received one of the most beautiful insights into the necessities of the human heart, one of the most pathetic illustrations of the way in which a wifeless, childless man, to whom to be so was a religion and a conscience, made his human wants and feelings known, and attempted to fulfil them. We need not say that this gentle being, the recluse of Olney, the tamer of, and the nurse of the three hares, was William Cowper.

The whole annals of biography do not mention a name linked to a more sorrowful story than the name of William Cowper. Life is to all of us a Bridge of Sighs. Happy, indeed, if it be a progress from the prison to the palace. We mark our progress by our sorrows; we stand on the bridge over the rapid river of life, and add our tears to the waves. So it is with all; it was especially so with him.

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It is most mysterious that one so gentle, whose nature was sensitive beyond most natures, should be so early and so constantly innured to suffering. He was born at Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, of which place his father was the rector, Nov. 15 (old style), 1731. His father was chaplain, too, to George II. But Cowper, although in lowly circumstances, was himself descended in a direct line by his mother from several noble houses, each descended from Henry III. of England. To this he alludes in those magnificent lines to his Mother's Picture :—

"My boast is, not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and nobles of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
The son of parents passed into the skies."

In the last volume of Lord Macaulay's History of England, there are some references to a painful story in the history of Cowper's grandfather, Spencer Cowper, the brother to the celebrated Lord Chancellor, and himself one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas. He was tried for the murder of Miss Stout, a young Quaker lady, of Hertford. She had conceived for him a vehement affection: Lord Macaulay relates the whole history, with all his usual interest; indeed, the affair seems to have originated in, and to have been sustained by, the strong party feelings and animosities of the day. The whole kingdom was divided, the historian says, between Stouts and Cowpers. The evidence against Spencer Cowper was of the most flimsy description. The accused, who although passionately loved by the poor girl, no doubt as insane as she was beautiful, seems never to have seen her until some business called him to the house of her mother, the widow of a rich maltster in Hertford; there he supped, there a bed was provided for him, which, however, he did not accept. The mother left the room, and Cowper and her daughter together. She was seen no more alive, but was found drowned the next morning among the stakes of a mill-dam on the Priory River. That Cowper had refused her affection, and that she had destroyed herself in a state of mental derangement, there could be no doubt, and so the coroner's inquest decided. But this did not satisfy her family; and from the associations of the suspected, the affair assumed the attitude, and inflamed all the virulence of the then strong tides of Whig and Tory feeling. Cowper was acquitted, but not without hesitation, although there was not a particle more evidence than that we have referred to in this compendious statement of the story. Lord Macaulay says: "It is curious that all Cowper's biographers with whom I am acquainted—Hayley, Southey, Grimshaw, Chalmers, mention the Judge, the common ancestor of the poet, of his first love,

Theodora Cowper, and of Lady Hesketh, but that none of those biographers makes the faintest allusion to the Hertford trial, the most remarkable event in the history of the family; nor do I think that any allusion to that trial can be found in any of the poet's letters." A few days after the historian died, a very able article upon the poet appeared in the "Quarterly Review," in which reference is for the first time made to the circumstance, and which, of course, precedes his more detailed account of it in connexion with the history of the times. The second son of this Spencer was the father of the poet; the Cowpers only traced their ancestry back to a baronet of the time of James I., but his mother was Miss Donne, and by her came the royal relationship to which we have alluded—and a relationship he liked, perhaps, still better to the metaphysical poet and preacher, the Dean of St. Paul's in the time of Charles I., John Donne.

There, then, at Berkhamstead, in its then lovely, and picturesque, and old-world vicarage, he passed perhaps the only truly happy period of his long and chequered life—his first six years. Then he lost that mother whom he has immortalised by the verses to her portrait, written fifty years after.

"I can truly say," said he in one of his letters, written at the same time, "that not a week passes, perhaps I might with equal veracity say a day, in which I do not think of her. Such was the impression her tenderness made upon me, though the opportunity she had for showing it was so short." This will readily be believed by those who have read those lines, perhaps the most pathetic in our language, which he addressed to her portrait in his sixtieth year.

With the death of his mother began his miseries—began the sorrowful passage of his soul over the Bridge of Sighs. He was a frail child, with a constitution which even in infancy was delicate in no common degree. And in his earliest years he revealed a tendency to diffidence, melancholy, and despair. It was a hard lesson to leave home at six years of age for the boarding-school, and to exchange the tenderness of a mother—and so sweet a mother—for the hard routine of the master; and in the school there was one boy, a lad of fifteen years of age, of an extraordinary cruelty of disposition; the poor little Cowper was the victim of his brutality, till it was discovered, the boy expelled the school, and Cowper removed from it. At ten years of age he was placed in the Westminster School; he seemed to be in danger of losing his sight, but a severe attack of the small-pox, which so frequently destroys sight altogether, entirely restored his. At Westminster he had some distinguished schoolfellows, especially his early beloved friend, Sir William Russell, and Colman, Churchill, and Cumberland, and Lord Dartmouth.

We cannot dwell long upon the early years of Cowper. He was educated for the law, and was the companion of the illustrious Lord Thurlow, in those days his fellow-clerk. There is every assurance, from the ability of his friends to advance his interests, that he, too, might have attained to very high honours at the bar, or on the bench. He visited much at the house of his uncle, Mr. Ashley Cowper, with his fellow-clerk, and many hours of happy vacancy were passed with Harriet Cowper, whom we shall see again by-and-bye, but especially with her sister, his other cousin, Theodora Cowper. The reader need not smile at the love passages between them. Why is it that we laugh at the disappointments of others in the affairs of the heart? Did we old fellows find it such a laughing matter when in those days we know of, we "sighed like a furnace, and made woeful ballads to our ladies eyebrows." Poor Cowper! he sighed like a furnace, and he made ballads woeful or not; and Theodora, poor little thing, liked the sighing very much, and the ballads too, and kept them, ah so long; we shall hear about them again. But Cowper was not rich, and his uncle did not at all like the cousinship, and most likely often said to the timid, fluttering little girl, "Have your cousin and Thurlow been here to-day?" and he did not like the restless gleaming of Cowper's eye; and so the end was that all that sort of thing must come to an end. Poor fellow! there, they are all before us now, those lines of his—nothing very wonderful, that we can see. *He* did not keep them; but *they were* kept, and we shouldn't wonder if many a wet eye bent over them—sad that all these hopes should turn to dust; and, somehow, Theodora seems to have done him so much good—gave him, poor, bashful, timid fellow, such confidence, as he says to her:—

"William was once a bashful youth,
His modesty was such
That one might say, to say the truth,
He rather had too much.
Howe'er, it happened by degrees,
He mended, and grew perter,—
In company was more at ease,
And dressed a little smarter.

"Nay, now and then would look quite gay,
As other people do;
And sometimes said, or tried to say,
A witty thing or two.
The women said—who thought him rough,
But now no longer foolish—
The creature may do well enough,
But wants a deal of polish.

"At length, improved from head to heel,
 'Twere scarce too much to say,
 No dancing bear was so genteel,
 Or half so *dégagé*.
 Now that a miracle so strange
 May not in vain be shown,
 Let the dear maid, who wrought the change
 E'en claim him for her own."

Alas ! the dear maid would very gladly have done it ;—but surely the reader can comprehend the frequent disappointment in these things ;—and so what with ill-treatment at school—his weak frame, so finely, so nervously strung—the poor, lonely, parentless youth felt the last pang, the final string of his being snapped, and all was unstrung.

Foolish fellow ! says the reader, he must have been very weak-minded. But the dear, strong-minded brother, must know all men have not the same steel-textured nerves, which we have so often had occasion to prove. Only, we may remember, perhaps, that insanity, madness, is not always the weakness of the mind, sometimes how much the reverse, and when Cowper went, as he went, to a lunatic asylum, and was asked, "What brought you here, Sir?" he might have replied, as Robert Hall in similar circumstances replied to a similar question,—“What will never bring you here, Sir. Too much here, Sir”—tapping the head—“too much here, sir.”

For Cowper is a kind of converted Hamlet—Hamlet Christianised. He, too, was propelled along by irresistible spells ; he was called to duties for which he now found he had no will ; all his bashfulness returned upon him. He was appointed reader to the House of Lords—he recoiled from the task. How painful the story of his flying round London, and seeking to nerve his hand to suicide. He was cut off from his cousins, and he seems to have had no woman's hand near him, no woman's voice to soothe him ; mother and home both gone ; and that fine stringed instrument only played upon by rude hands that could not possibly understand the delicacy of the string. Oh, friend, if you say he ought to have been brave ; we must say again that our sufferings are in our capacities for suffering, and this is very much our genius, our glory, our distinction too. He certainly consecrates madness, even beyond its ancient, hallowing, pagan tripod. What was it in such a case, that strange conflict of wounded feelings and diseased perceptions, in which sensibility, and will, and intellect, all seem in opposition ? And how is it that in such a case the sense comes that death resolves the mystery, and the sorrow, and endows with strength life cannot give ?

And so we follow him with intense sympathy in those hours

and days, all alone, and in the lunatic asylum—all-conscious—no retreat into actual madness, but all alone, and then he became a believer in “the truth as it is in Jesus;” and this, let it never be forgotten, was the sunshine in his soul. There is an amazing disposition in many to read Cowper’s case wrongly; let it be ever remembered, that religion found Cowper insane—that it soothed him, as Jesus only can soothe—that it brought him to his happiest hours—that it gave him sweet tranquillity and peace. It did not disturb the repose; it came to allay the fever of his mind.

We do not dwell on the years he passed in the Temple. He mingled with many companions who, united to gaiety of matters, had some regard to literature. He was not dissolute himself, apparently; but he was living without God in the world in those days. At last, he woke up, and it seemed to him that he was without hope too, until the Spirit revived, as his eye glanced upon that text in Romans—“Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God.” He took the doctrine to himself, and he celebrated the mercy which had visited him in the hymn entitled, “The Happy Change”—

“How bless’d thy creature is, O God,
When, with a single eye,
He views the lustre of thy word,
The dayspring from on high.”

This was in 1764.

He came to Huntingdon, that he might be near to his brother John, a fellow at Cambridge, and there for some time he led a solitary life. In his humorous way, he says:—“Whatever you may think of the matter, it’s no such easy thing to keep house for two people. A man cannot always live like the lions in the tower, and a joint of meat in so small a family is an endless incumbrance; in short, I never knew how to pity poor housekeepers before; but now I cease to wonder at that politic cast which their occupation usually gives to their countenance, for it is really a matter full of perplexity.” He gives us an account of his walks, to and fro, through the town, where “he met with two or three old scrambling fellows,” and it has seldom been our lot to read a more delightful circumstance than his visit to a church, where, seeing a “grave and sober person” in a pew near him, while he was singing, Cowper observed him so intently engaged in his holy employment, “I could not,” says he, “help saying in my heart, with much emotion, ‘Bless you for praising Him whom my soul loveth.’” At length he met with the Unwins—Mr. Unwin, a clergyman there, and his wife, Mary Cawthorn Unwin. Early in their acquaintance he

writes,—“That woman is a blessing to me ; I never see her without being better for her company.” He set his heart upon residing with them ; intensely he prayed that this might be. “Give me this blessing,” he wrote, “or else I die.” For two years during the life of Mr. Unwin, Cowper resided in the family, with the son and daughter, but when the father, Mr. Unwin, was thrown from his horse, the occasion of his death, led to the removal of Cowper, with Mrs. Unwin, to Olney, by the counsel and advice of the well-known John Newton, then minister there, and there was matured that holy, hallowed friendship between this lady and this illustrious man, which is one of those sacred events of holy life beyond all power of our pen or tongue to commend—to comment upon, or to record. How pure, how sacred, and how beautiful this divinely-lovely relationship—how solemn, and yet how human—how mournful, and yet how cheerful ; the shrines and the relics in old chapels, where alabaster and marble figures lie stretched beneath the blaze of tapers, and the mutter of masses are powerless to produce feelings so sacred as the waking within our memory the biographic memorials of William Cowper and Mary Unwin.

John Newton, the minister of Olney, whose name is ever, and ever will be, associated with that of Cowper, is the name of one who exercised a wonderful control over the mind of the poet ; but it is now an undecided question with us, whether that influence on the whole was of the best ; and yet, when we remember how completely in many things the curate of Olney was the counterpart of the poet, we cannot doubt, that that strong original and most rugged of characters laid a powerful and commanding hand on the poet at a most important hour of his history. The reader knows John Newton ; upon a small scale he was the St. Augustine of the modern Evangelical school. We have no religious biography the colours of whose stern reality have so much the tinge and tone of romance. Dreams, adventures, hair-breadth escapes, and wondrous interpositions of Providence, meet us in his early years on every page. His history upon the sea reads like the alternating scenery in the life of a sea-dog. He must have had a heart of wondrous metal and mould who could love Mary Catlett as John Newton loved her. He lost the world for her twice ; and when visiting England, in his occasional voyages, would travel miles, not to see her or her home, but to climb Shooter’s Hill, so that he might look towards the country, far away, where the young girl, the darling of his wild and daring and yet undisciplined heart, lived. Ah ! young ladies, who honour this poor paper by your perusal, what do you say, in these plain, prosaic days—would you not like a lover like him ? How one covets the will, the daring, the impetuosity, that can do such things !

Only to look at her he deserted from his ship; was retaken and flogged; little better than a slave himself, an overseer of slaves on the Gold Coast; the captain of a slave-ship, in the then sanctioned commerce of the slave-trade—he looks to us like a hard, pachydermatous man. A strange commingling of being, he had *no* sensibility; “his skin,” says one writer of him, “was as thick as the copper sheathing of his ship.” He had a sound heart of oak, and he laid bare the recesses of his soul with an audacity of confession which certainly leaves St. Augustine far behind.

And yet the love of Newton for Mary Catlett, his young bride—how ardent, how triumphant over every obstacle! How dear she was to him! how holy and how beautiful! Yet his letters to her he himself published: as the old couple walked along, in her lifetime, they might have seen them in every book-shop; and when her last hour of separation came on, he says, “I took my post by her bedside, and watched her nearly three hours with a candle in my hand, till I saw her breathe her last.” While she lay dead in the house, he says he was afraid to sit at home thinking over her, so he preached three times before she was buried; and the day after her death he began to visit the more serious of his friends; and when she was deposited in the vault, he says, he preached her funeral sermon with little more sensible emotion than if it had been for another person. This was the curate of Olney, for many years Cowper’s most valued and intimate friend. Does it not seem amazing to you that it should have been so?

We believe the benefits conferred by John Newton on Cowper were substantial; he fixed for him the optic lens of his faith at an hour when his hands were too weak to perform that task for himself. But Cowper must have winced a thousand times at the touch of the rude, rough hand of the converted sailor, who handled his pen like a marling-spike, and brought the same delicacy to touch an afflicted conscience as he employed for the reefing of a maintopsail. But there were two things in him which Cowper would especially prize. He had *knowledge*; he knew the points of the spiritual compass well; the havens, bays, creeks, and oceans of the spiritual life, he knew them well. And he was *strong*; he not only could read his chart, and knew his compass—he could hold with a steady hand the rudder in the wildest sea. Cowper, we believe, was always more than half afraid of him. His letters to John Newton always, spite of their many beauties, read to us as if he felt he must sermonise a little; and if he jokes, or becomes humorous, it is plain that he feels the eye of the Rector is upon him, and his reserve is wonderfully apparent by the side of the full, free, fondly overflowing, and most delightful, letters to his cousin, Lady Hesketh, the Harriet Cowper of old

days. Then, although John Newton was a scholar, he had so thoroughly educated himself, that, although no university could claim him, he had all that the ordinary education of the classics could do for him. Yet it is clear Cowper *liked* his criticisms no better than we do ; and in our edition of Cowper we have marked some especial instances, which we have called "Newton's impertinences."

Yet Newton first awoke the genius of Cowper ; he was the minister of the soul. When they first met, Newton was perhaps nearly forty ; Cowper not much more than thirty. Cowper was but a new-born child of grace and Christ ; and then, as ever, with a gentle, tender spirit, quivering at every touch : Newton had been for many years, under most difficult and trying circumstances, a Christian ; he was, moreover, a man of iron ; a knight of the Iron Hand. If ever tenderness awoke within him, it was to Cowper ; and certainly the texture of the poet's faith ever after was that which had first been woven for him by the hand of Newton. Ordinarily, to quote Cowper's own words, referring to another minister, Newton seems one of those religious surgeons who "dealt more in the surgeon's knife than the poultice ;" but, perhaps, if we could see what was conferred during those years, we should find how much of the strength which afterwards manifested itself grew out of seeds planted there. That their characters ever did, or ever could, perfectly cohere, we do not believe ; but we can believe that the frail sapling grew in confidence by leaning against that hardy, oak-like humanity, rocked by so many storms, tried in so many latitudes ; the nature, which found it hard to believe at all, must have found it very wonderful to look up to, and to lean on, the one to whom, on the contrary, it seemed impossible to doubt.

And it was in this period of his life he wrote the Olney Hymns—all of them full of the very experiences through which his soul had passed. There are no hymns so tender, so full of the pathos of a tender conscience. How often we sing them ! and how they subdue ! and how they elevate while they subdue ! Unfortunately, they are like many words which have become favourites—their word and tone are so often heard, their beauty is unperceived. Think what he had been ; think of his darkness, think of his despair ; think what he is now, what he has become, and then read—

"There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

How this hymn seems to glow with the light of the text, which was the author's consolation. "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation." Think of the poor, tempest-tossed mind flying to suicide, and only saved as by a miracle, and then read—

"Fierce passions discompose the mind,
As tempests vex the sea;
But calm content and peace we find
When, Lord, we turn to thee.

"In vain, by reason and by rule,
We strive to bend the will;
For none but in the Saviour's school
Can learn the heavenly skill.

"*Since at his feet my soul has sat
His gracious words to hear,
Contented with my present state,
I cast on him my care.*"

Retiring from the noisy world of London to the sweet tranquillity of Olney, how sweetly fall the words—

"Far from the world, oh Lord, I flee!
From strife and tumult far,
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

"In calm retreat the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

"There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness for her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise."

These hymns are biographies; as we read of the man, we soon become acquainted with the secret fountain of their beauty and their tenderness. No other hymns have the sacred pathos of these; no other hymns of Protestants are so much the hallowed breathings of a cloistered heart. They are the murmurings with that only holy confessional—the sanctified soul. It is the same throughout his contributions to the Olney hymns. The Church has no legacy it prizes more highly than these. Unlike Watts', the wing of the poet never seeks the splendours of the throne, where angels and archangels, that excel in strength, sing their divine Trisagion. More nearly related to Charles Wesley, his notes are never jubilant, they are always timid, always seem like the "songs in the night"—solemn, flute-like airs; emotions that must be whispered rather than spoken, as if the poet feared that in too loud an utterance of his divine delight, the sense of its

possession might escape him; mournfulness mingles with the melody ever—not sentimental but real. The hymns of Cowper are night-blooming flowers in the conservatory of the Church; their very strength has been given by the night airs which have opened them. Such is that tender verse—

Such Jesus is, and such his grace,
Oh, may he shine on you;
*And tell him, when you see his face,
I long to see him too.*

There came to the village of Olney a lady destined to exercise no inconsiderable influence over the life and genius of Cowper, Lady Austin. Cowper and Lady Austin! Well, we are obliged to believe that some very beautiful and indeed noble things would not have existed at all in our language, but that one day the poet and Mrs. Unwin saw a stranger lady, with the wife of a neighbouring clergyman, entering a shop in Olney. The shy and timid poet was struck with her appearance, and Mrs. Unwin was requested to invite them both to tea. Poor, bashful poet! Even after the invitation was given, it was with difficulty he could be persuaded to join the little party; but he did so, and he found in the tongue of the new acquaintance the young widow of Sir Robert Austin, one of the most powerful and refined intellectual stimulants he had ever known. From this time the new acquaintance ripened into the most intimate friendship; in reciprocated visits the greater part of the day was past, and Lady Austin became to the poet and to Mrs. Unwin known only as Sister Anna. We have often felt that it was with all a poet's prescience that Cowper wrote those well-known lines:—

“The rose had been washed, just washed in a shower,
Which *Mary* to *Anna* conveyed;
The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,
And weighed down its beautiful head.”

The reader remembers the last lines:—

“This elegant rose, had you shaken it less,
Might have bloomed with its owner awhile!
And the tear that is wiped with a little address,
May be followed, perhaps, by a smile.”

It is impossible to read the history of these two without feeling that there was a most tender sagacity in the lines of the poet. For a long time, Lady Austin remained Sister Anna. We fear there is, on all hands, a prejudice against her. We admit it; we think it is always very dangerous to have a sister not born of the same father and mother, unless you are already married.

And we don't think you mend the matter very much by having two or three superfluous sisters.

Thus it was with Lady Austin. She was wealthy; had a sweet and magnificent château in France, called Silver End. She was accustomed to society, was well read, polished, most brilliant in conversation—above all, she had a delicacy of sensibility which might have matched with Cowper himself—quite young, almost youthful—young enough to be a daughter to Cowper. She was quite fascinated by her new friendships, and her new friends were both more than equally fascinated by her. *She* told Cowper the story of Johnny Gilpin, and made him set it to verse; and she, even in this, added an important ingredient to his immortality. In the last years of his life, when his beloved relation, John Johnson, was reading his own poems through to him, in days when his life was all dark, and not only every sun but every spark of light was put out, when they came to Johnny Gilpin, Cowper entreated him to pass over that—“*That*,” he said, “awakened memories of days he could not endure to revive.” It is a proof how deeply they were embalmed in his soul. *She* stirred his wonderful love of nature, and made him utter it in verse. You do not find his lines quickening and glowing with passionate admiration of Nature's beauties, till Anna Austin touched the key. *She* made him write “The Task;” *she* urged him to try his powers in blank verse, and he promised to comply if she would give him a subject. “Oh,” she said, “you can never be in want of a subject; you can write upon this sofa.” And so the Sofa was the first book of “The Task.” It is very plain that the happiest days Cowper ever knew, were those when Lady Austin was his daily companion at Olney. How strong his verse was, how cheerful. And if the satirist still used his thong, how much more the healthy humorist predominated in life. He seemed returning to, or rather rising to, what he had never known—a thoroughly healthy state of existence. He writes to Mr. Unwin—“From a scene of uninterrupted retirement we have passed at once into a state of constant engagement. Not that our society is much multiplied; the addition of an individual has made all this difference. Lady Austin and we pass our days alternately at each others *châteaux*. In the morning, I walk with one or the other of the ladies; and, in the afternoon, wind thread. Thus did Hercules, and thus, probably, did Sampson, and thus do I; and, were both those heroes living, I should not fear to challenge them to a trial of skill in *that* business, or doubt to beat them both. As to killing lions, and other amusements of that kind with which they were delighted, I should be their humble servant, and beg to be excused.”

We cannot well find it in our heart to forgive even Alexander

Knox, for expressing his suspicion that Lady Austin was a very artful woman. We should never think of saying of the poor moth that singed its wings by the bright lamp, that it was a very artful moth; and, perhaps, the poor moth never suspected for a moment that the brightness would burn till it felt the fire upon its wing. And did we not say, just now, that it was so dangerous to have a superfluous sister. No danger to Cowper, perhaps, for twenty years he and Mary Unwin had moored their barks by each others side; and, for some of those years, her husband was with them, and they knew and understood each other, and their ages made their hallowed union safe. And, to Cowper, Mary Unwin was bound by ties of especial relationship. No wife could have been more reverently attentive; no sister more devoted and fond. Of all this, poor Lady Austin could not know what we know—the long hours of hallowed, spiritual, domestic communion—those days and years when the poet was altogether unknown beyond the limits of his own small circle; and even there his greatness and the majesty of his genius quite unapprehended and unknown. When Lady Austin came, he had begun to be famous. She may be forgiven, we think, knowing so little as she did, compared with what we know, if she supposed that Sister Anna might become something dearer than Sister Anna. We are surprised there should be any doubt as to the cause of the rupture of this friendship. She was, beyond a doubt, willing with all a woman's noble self-sacrifice, to give up her wealth, and her life, and her time to the service and the protection of the poet, whom she admired with all the ardour and intensity of her most sensitive nature. We believe she could not know that, with him, it was a religion never to marry; and she must have known that her presence, and her powers, kindled by its magic a new manifestation of genius in him. And so—

“Alas! how easily things go wrong.”

And we believe we may now be very glad that Cowper escaped. Lady Austin began early to show that in her affections and friendships she could be very exacting. She belonged to an order of women who are like children with their favourite cats, she loved in real earnest; but she proved it by torturing and tormenting, for there are those who cannot resist the pleasure of knowing they have power to torture those they love. We have heard of husbands and wives relieving thus the monotony of married life.

We wish we could clearly see Cowper in his circle of friends. Certainly, it must be said, that what of his life was happy, was made so by excellent women. There was first, and before all, Mrs. Unwin, a beautiful creature, a Puritan, no doubt, able to

take up crosses; we should say, rather unhappy, perhaps, if there were no crosses to take up; a Quietist herself, a still, quiet, dove-like personage, whom God had, in the most providential manner, introduced to Cowper, to be through life united in the most holy and hallowed sisterhood and fellowship. Then Lady Austin, no doubt, we think better able truly to appreciate his fine moral and intellectual sensibility; and to her, through Cowper, the world owes much. But would she have been able to be to him what Mary Unwin was? It is not likely. It is a nice question to answer, will a man love most a woman who has soothed and comforted him in illness and in sorrow, or one who has given to him intellectual suggestion and inspiration? And yet, again, if Lady Austin roused the poet to the works of humour and imagination, Mrs. Unwin kindled his mind to the work of moral and religious satire.

Life has few finer things, biography has nothing finer, than the wonderful union of Mary Unwin and William Cowper; there was nothing selfish in it, there was nothing romantic in it, there was nothing of the Petrarch or Laura in it, or the Dantesque and Beatriceque; first, her compassionate reverence and tenderness to him, and then, and next, his grateful tenderness to her. Perhaps, we do not say that it was so, we only say, perhaps, the fascination of Lady Austin held him in thralldom for a moment, not more; perhaps, beneath the spell of that beautiful intellectual witchery, he thought of what might in other circumstances have been possible; but it was not for more than a moment; instantly, when able to comprehend, he was also able to resist; his was not a nature to admit it for a long period, he was able to remember, and he had no passions to control, and he was able to say to the beautiful enchantress, No! this must not be.

Lady Hesketh, on the contrary, was the Martha to this Mary, she was full of affectionate good sense, she was constantly on the watch to send to her beloved cousin some substantial gift for his household or his table. She and Mary Unwin, in different ways, lived almost for Cowper; they did not interfere with each other's provinces and tasks, and to Lady Hesketh, his beloved cousin, he always repayed her kindness with a fondness and freedom which, as revealed in her letters, reveal beyond any others of what his heart was capable. He says in one, "Adieu my dear cousin! so much I love you, I wonder how it has happened I was never in love with you." To her his letters are full of the most admirable *naïveté*. Soon after she left him, when she had paid her first long visit of some weeks, he wrote, "When you went, you took the key of the caddy—bring it soon." She was related to his memory by very tender ties, in the old boy days at South-

ampton Buildings, she was with him and his fellow-clerk, now the powerful Lord Chancellor Thurlow. "When all together," he says, "they giggled and made giggle." And she was his cousin, and beyond all, she was the sister of that Theodora Cowper, never since seen, apparently never spoken of, but still holding her cousin in her woman's heart, and guarding as precious treasures love poems, thorns and faded recollections of long lost years, till long after his entrance to the tomb, she too followed him, never having heard, since then, the words of love. But Theodora Cowper would, we suppose, never have been to him what Mary Unwin was. It is a dangerous thing, perhaps, to say that for man the unmarried life can ever be the best, but where God makes his own great exceptions, He fills them up with His own compensations and reasons. God made the exception or met it here; and, certainly, Cowper married—a successful man—could not have been the sweet singer of the Church. Shall we not believe that these things are divinely ordered?

We must not enter into the disputed question, whether that poetry is the highest which can be best rendered by a competent reader, or whether that which in its subtlety and aeriality defies an oral rendering; but it may be said that the poetry of Cowper is the very oratory of poetry. One cannot but feel what an orator this man would have been, but for that wondrous sensibility which prevented him from meeting his audience face to face. What varied power is here, and every power; what invective, what pathos, what indignation, what passion of every order, what close and clenching argument, gradually winging its way to the triumphant and successful close. There, in his study, with his pen in his hand, his audience was all before him; there he was a perfect master over the humour of laughter and the humour of tears; he never lost himself in subtleties; he soared, but never soared out of sight; he seemed ever to have on his heart the golden light of "the city which hath foundations;" yet he knew all the tricks and the winding ways of Vanity Fair; he knits the thong of his satiric whip quite as smartly as Pope; but satire is never in the ascendant, it is always subdued, and Christian fervour and pitying sensibility dominate over the poem. His words crowd upon each other like those of a man who is in earnest, and who feels that to win the cause, the impression *must* be made. With what dignity he seems himself to stand and plead throughout his whole verse; never was poetry more sublimely practical, more social, or more cheerful; never in poetry was there united a keener perception of human foibles and errors, a more hearty and utter scorn of human cruelty and tyranny, to a more pitying and for-

giving regard for all that saddens and darkens human lot ; no writer more provokes the question, how did he get it all ? He now never went into society, yet he has a perfect knowledge of all the ways of society, and at a distance in his hermitage he regards and observes all, and makes his notes, his memoranda, his satires and his inferences.

But you already know that sorrow made up the great material of Cowper's life, and the substance of his verse. Sorrow not exactly like that of George Gordon Noel, Lord Byron. Not exactly like the Sorrows of Werter were the Sorrows of Cowper ; indeed, they were very different. We are not at all inclined to treat an unsuccessful issue to affairs of the heart as a mere joke ; but to us assuredly the "Sorrows of Werter" are profoundly comic ; in fact, it is simply "The woman won't have me." Cowper's, on the contrary, were expressed by that very different sentiment, "My God hath forgotten me." Nay, the disappointment in the expected love of woman has ere now borne most noble fruits and blessed results ; but then we believe it has been not by talking about it, but by quietly enduring it, and rising over the sorrow. Certainly there is an amazing difference between the grief for the darkness caused by the absent God, and grief on account of some absent love. We say it is very difficult to understand Cowper's case, but is it not difficult to understand the case of any of these Seraphs of Sorrow. Before and beside them we feel that we must stand silent. Pilgrims of Tears : What is the use of saying these lives were too this, too that, or too the other. Let us be very still before them. Before Cowper, for instance : two elements of character gave the depth and the keenness to his sorrow, it was not his sensibility alone, that sometimes and most frequently makes an affected character, and it was not conscience alone, for that usually makes a hard and repulsive character, but it was Conscienced-Sensibility ; he had not a soul too tender for the rough east winds of the world, but he had a conscience far too high for the lawyers' offices of the world—hence his sorrow and his gloom ; it was the darkness of the excessive light which shone around him that gloomed his own spirit. Of all natures the beings of mere sensibility are most likely to go wrong—these are the people it is most hard to keep right ; but Cowper never went wrong—his life was without a doubt, in our sense of it too monastic. Even Romanism needs to relieve its monkery by holy labours ; and no doubt, evil as the world is, it clothes our spirits sometimes to shelter them. We grant what you say, dear Sir, that the world would soon be at an end if all were Cowpers ; but happily, or unhappily, while the like of the reader and the writer are here, it does not seem near its end. Meantime let us honour those on whom is laid the burden of the Lord. We

will be silent while we contemplate the black-robed children of the night—say it at once, the mad saints—Dante, Luther, Bunyan, and Cowper. Oh, did God not use their madness, then? Yes, as a star moving in its orb, while round it all is dark, strikes on its pathway sparks of radiant light for other worlds, or as the bird that “sings darkling” amidst the groves, and attracts the night wanderer to listen; even so, the pilgrims to the shrine of tears, while all is dark around them they leave a light for us, and the song which it was their consolation to sing, it becomes our consolation to hear. And so we who have not been called to pre-eminent or extraordinary suffering, will speak reverently of those who have followed in the train of the mistress of sorrow, with her black robe, and crown of rosemary, rue, and passion flowers.

So it was with him; and yet Cowper deserved to be most happy. How is it some men mortgage their happiness? They throw it away, they know not what they do, till they wake up and find life lost to them, and their passions “carry them away as with a flood;” but it was not so with him; he prized life’s enjoyments so much, and never found them, while some, who have trifled life’s paradise away, seem to retain it still. What answer can we make but the old one, that it is better to suffer with Cowper than to enjoy with a Dryden or a Dumas?

Humour was a kind of human salvation to a nature like Cowper’s, and his age of humour was his happiest. His letters, indeed, abound with the happiest strokes of easy and quiet humour; it was the poetry of humour and sorrow—sorrow, as we said, not of Werter or of Byron,—sorrow of David and of Jeremiah. We shall do wrong if we set down Cowper’s grief merely to the score of wounded feelings. This is the curse of mere sensibility. He had a most lowly appreciation of self, and he had a most vivid impression of the holiness of God, the light and the purity of the Divine Being. Thus the sensibility of Cowper was far removed from the selfishness of the merely sensitive nature. It was the sensibility of conscience—conscience quivering at every pore—a conscience, too, frequently morbid in its sensitiveness.

It would be difficult to find any poet in whose verses there abound, we will not say so many, but more of those concentrated, forcible, quotable lines which carry the pith, power, and point of the proverb, with the imagery, polish, and inspiration of the poem. Common sense is usually regarded as essentially unpoetical. Common sense in poetry is usually like the introduction of a hot joint on a dessert table, it takes away the appetite for both dishes, and leaves an aroma not desirable. The two or three poets who have attempted to introduce common-sense topics into their poems have not served their fame by their policy. But we must surely

except Cowper from this condemnation. No poet has so much of common sense; he idealises the household room. The fire-side he delineates is neither that of the study, or of the parlour, or the drawing-room, it is just the ordinary English fire-side; but what a charm is there? And the satire of Cowper never makes us angry. It is sharp and pungent, but it is so free from bitterness, that while we know that it is satire, it always seems to hover so upon the boundary of good humour, that we cannot tell exactly to which department it should belong. Most Christian of satirists! Human nature had nothing to dread from him; and we suspect he often made his own infirmities the subjects of his jokes:—

“ I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn, and undeserved disdain;
Our sensibilities are so acute,
The *fear* of being silent makes us mute.
We sometimes think we could a speech produce
Much to the purpose—if our tongues were loose;
But being tied, it dies upon the lip,
Faint as a chicken’s note that has the pip;
Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps, in old sepulchral urns.”

How admirable is the following from the poem, *Conversation*:—

“ Some men employ their health—an ugly trick—
In making known how oft they have been sick;
And give us, in recitals of disease,
A doctor’s trouble—but without the fees:
Relate how many weeks they kept their bed,—
How an emetic or cathartic sped;
Nothing is slightly touched, much less forgot;
Nose, ears, and eyes seem present on the spot.
Now the distemper, spite of draught or pill,
Victorious seem’d; and now, the doctor’s skill.
And now, alas, for unforeseen mishaps!
They put on a damp nightcap—and relapse;
They thought they must have died—they were so bad;—
Their peevish hearers almost wish they had.”

The sympathy of Cowper, his large and noble humanity, will dwell upon the hearts of all readers. Here, his invective and his tenderness alike are most genial and electrical. Thus he replies to one who inquires:—

“ What’s the world to you?
’Twere well could you permit the world to live
As the world pleases.”

“ What’s the world to me?
Much! I was born of woman, and drew milk,
As sweet as charity, from human breasts.
I think, articulate; I laugh and weep,
And exercise all functions of a man.
How, then, should I and *any* man that lives
Be strangers to each other?”

And you remember the fine lines in which he denounces the whole slave trade:—

"Canst *thou*, and honoured with a Christian name,
Buy what is woman-born, and feel no shame?
Trade in the blood of innocence, and plead
Expedience as a warrant for the deed?
So may the wolf, whom famine has made bold
To quit the forest and invade the fold;
So may the ruffian who, with ghostly glide,
Dagger in hand, steals close to your bed-side;
Not he, but his emergence, forced the door—
He found it inconvenient to be poor."

And we must not forget that Cowper employed his pen on ballads, which were sung in London streets in his day, to aid in that fashion the destruction of the Slave Trade.

Many of his words, full of humanity, how they have been chanted from lip to lip:—

"I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility,) the man
Who *needlessly* sets foot upon a worm."

And again:—

"I would not have a slave to till *my* ground,—
To carry *me*, and fan *me* while *I* sleep,
And tremble when *I* wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
I had much rather be myself a slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home—then why abroad?
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free!
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble! that bespeaks a nation proud,
And jealous of the blessing."

The poetry and letters of Cowper furnish us with some of the very finest touches and glimpses of village life. They are "Our Village" from an aspect not contemplated by Miss Mitford:—

"How pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world."

But if it is pleasant for the village to get its peep at the town, how much more pleasant for the town to enjoy its peep at the village. Writing to his beloved cousin, Lady Hesketh, he says, in reply to her loud encomiums upon London life—"Thou livest, my dear, I acknowledge, in a very fine country, but they have spoiled it by building London in it." Cowper was not of those who admire the country most in London. With what enthusiasm does he speak:—

"For I have lov'd the rural walk, through lanes
Of grassy swarth, close cropp'd by nibbling sheep,
And skirted thick with intertexture firm
Of thorny boughs ; have loved the rural walk
O'er hills, through valleys, and by river's brink."

His is that often-quoted rapture :—

"God made the country, but man made the town."

Nor did he desire to quit this retirement, or exchange it for the crowd. "I am not shut up," said he, "in the walls of the Bastille ; there are no moats about my castle, no locks upon the gates, of which I have not the key ; but an invisible, uncontrollable agency—a local attachment—serves me for prison walls, and for bounds which I cannot pass. The very stones in the garden walls are my intimate acquaintance. I should miss almost the minutest object, and be disagreeably affected by its removal, and am persuaded that were it possible I could leave this incommodious nook for a twelvemonth, I should return to it again with rapture, and be transported with the sight of objects which to all the world beside would be at least indifferent ; some of them perhaps, such as the ragged thatch, and the tottering walls of the neighbouring cottages, disgusting. But so it is, and it is so because here is to be my abode, and because such is the appointment of *Him* that placed me in it. It is the place of all the world I love the most, not for any happiness it affords me, but because here I can be miserable with most convenience to myself, and with the least disturbance to others."

And miserable no doubt he was, if ever mortal on this earth was miserable ; but in those days at Olney there must have been much happiness too ; he who in many of his lines has awakened, or recalled, or expressed for us feelings of such intense rural and fireside enjoyment, must have enjoyed himself. We know that it is the sad compensation that such enjoyment should have also its periodical overshadowings of intense misery too. He says to Mr. Newton, "I wonder that a sportive thought should ever knock at the door of my intellects, and still more that it should gain admittance. It is as if a harlequin should intrude himself into the gloomy chamber where a corpse is deposited in state." Yet no writer regales us more with a rapid succession of cheerful images—images that entertain and charm us with all the most delightful and desirable scenes of the happiest home. He spent those days, his mornings engaged in penwork, and in the evening—especially the winter evenings—he sat with Mrs. Unwin transcribing, while she pursued her incessant knitting in silk, or woollen, or cotton ; perhaps he read his favourite book, "Baker's Chronicle," "with which," says he, "I shall soon be as well

acquainted as Sir Roger De Coverly himself." Hence Cowper is the most completely and thoroughly English of our poets; most to the apprehension of all; not in virtue of inferiority, but by his transparency and perspicuity of style and of thought. All are able to understand him, all are able to follow him. Here are no metaphysics—no psychologies. Nothing lies on the out-of-the-way road; we are walking where we have walked a thousand times before, and our companion says, "Don't you see that?" and we are amazed that we have never before seen it. It is singular that life, which to Cowper was so dreadful a mystery, never in the most mysterious and awful complexion of it comes before us in his poems. This man's hallowed delicacy of taste and nobility of conscience kept him from turning his heart inside out. Some men do with their moral skin what the New Zealanders and sailors do with the bodily skin—tattoo it; or, as they say, "make their subjective nature into a poem!" But do you not think the moral skin must be pretty tough to allow that kind of treatment? With reference to Cowper's human idealizations, they are very few; but it shocks us to say that there is a horrid Wordsworth-like vulgarity about his selection of character. Decidedly of the lower order,

"Cottagers that weave at their own door,"

and that kind of folk; a crazy Kate, gipsy people, and such like; true, they don't occur often at all, but it shows the manner of his tastes, not nobles or knights, but the lowly ways of lowly English people. These he describes, and we feel his description along every line:—

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round;
And while the babbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

There is a perfect picture. The English heart or the English home beats along all the lines of Cowper.

What manner of man was this Cowper? His portrait by Romney is before us, and we know no portrait which has power to affect us so much. We need no assurances as to its being a likeness, but from the well-known engraving, it exercises an awful power over the spirit; it is more the portrait of a spectre than of a man; it has power at any time to move us almost to tears, and always to awe. Nay, other men, indeed, have traversed more awful fields of thought. None, we suppose, have ever traversed a more dreadful experience. Over the face is shed the palid light

of a charnel-like grief, and the large eye does not roll, but looks calmly forward, as if it would accustom itself to despair; and the sharp, nervous nose, and the kind, exquisitely cut, yet delicate, loving, but passionless lip, and the narrow, timid-looking chin, and the poor, wasted, sunken cheeks. Oh, my soul, it is sorrowful to look upon that likeness! The power in the eye, the calm power, with yet the drop of wildness electrifying the ball. Altogether, it is like the face of death, dashed with insanity, and made divine by the flash of a light from unseen worlds.

In his letter to his cousin, Lady Hesketh, when their intimacy was renewed—for it ceased for nearly twenty years, until, upon the publication of his first volume, she wrote to congratulate him upon it, and to inquire into many things about him, and, among other things, into his personal appearance—he replied, and he was fifty when he replied:—"As for me, I am a very smart youth of my years; I am not indeed grown grey so much as I am grown bald. No matter; there was more hair in the world than ever had the honour to belong to me. Accordingly, I have found just enough to curl a little at my ears, and to intermix with a little of my own, that still hangs behind. I appear, if you see me in the afternoon, to have a very decent head-dress, not easily distinguished from my natural growth, which, being worn with a small bag and a black ribbon about my neck, continues to me the charms of my youth, even on the verge of old age." From this renewed intercourse with Lady Hesketh began the happiest state of Cowper's mind and life. He himself speaks of it with most innocent but delighted rapture, and likens himself to the traveller described in Pope's Messiah:—

"The swain in barren deserts, with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear,
New falls of water murmuring in his ear."

And will anybody, then, be very angry if, in that moment, some thoughts of the old banished love, Theodora, mingled with the joys; unmarried, she still retained all the old memories of dear, distant days in Southampton Buildings, and anonymous gifts, the honour of which seems to be divided between the sisters, came in mysterious ways to the sad hermit. Lady Hesketh was herself now a widow, and the delicacy which prevented Cowper from accepting presents from Sir Thomas, would have been prudery in the poor poet towards the wealthy cousin.

In those last days of his life, friends, able and substantial, came round Cowper; but nothing lifted the night-cloud from that solemn tabernacle, his soul. Long before Mr. Newton left Olney, he had relapsed into his old state of desolation; he believed him-

self cut off from God—from all possibility of salvation and hope. His pen, when he took it in hand, uttered all-cheerful things—all-happy things; but his inner life was one unbroken and unmitigable gloom. Worse and worse, darker and darker, it became. His poems, his letters, were like mountain lakes or tarns in their tranquil beauty and power, shone upon by starlight and sunlight, although shadowed by tall, dark mountains, echoing to the solemn murmur of pine groves; but they were fed by streams from unseen sources—from caverns black and subterranean, where literally a ray of light never shone.

We do not think the education of Cowper by Mr. Newton was of the wisest; and we think there is something providential not only in his residence at, but also in his removal from Olney. Mrs. Unwin was no doubt a dear, sweet Puritan; but she was a Puritan. Look at her there, in that likeness, which we love to look on, though no likeness can make us love her more; yes, it is the picture of a Puritan, a very dear one, but a Puritan. But Newton made more rigid the bands of puritanic duty even in her. All very well in Mr. Newton, whose dangers, as we have seen, lay on the sinner side of life; but not very well in Cowper, whose dangers rather lay on the saint side of life. We believe, had Newton remained in Olney, we never should have had the poems as we have them now—we never should have had "The Task." We often, in reading the life of Cowper, get angry with the admirable Newton. He wanted to act the censor and expunger of verses which even a Horace could not mend in taste or Howe in piety. We get cross when we find it necessary for Cowper to apologise for writing "Johnny Gilpin!" We see no harm in "Johnny Gilpin;" on the contrary, we wish we could write it ourselves. We see, too, that in all his letters to Newton he is under a kind of awe, and fear, and constraint—so different to that spirit with which he writes to Lady Hesketh. We see, too, that Newton, after he left Olney, became exacting, and arrogant, and officious, and impertinent, and priest-like; and, on the whole, after he left Olney, we do not like his relation to Cowper a bit. In most of us the girth of religious duty needs tightening; we do not need to be told that "the Son of man came eating and drinking." But we think Cowper did need that Gospel to be preached to him as well as the other. Lady Hesketh had more wisdom, and she gives a narrative of Cowper's days to Theodora which does not incline us to think of Newton as a very judicious pastor. She says:—"Our cousin mentioned that for two summers he had been obliged to take his walk in the middle of the day, which he thought had hurt him a good deal; 'but,' said he, 'I could not help it, for it was when Mr. Newton was here,

and we made it a rule to pass four days in the week together. We dined at one, and it was Mr. Newton's rule to have tea about four o'clock, for we broke up at six.' 'Well, then,' said I, 'you would have good time for a long evening's walk, I should have thought.' 'No,' said he; 'after six we had service, or lecture, or something of that kind, which lasted till supper.' We declare, to have had that Newton's eyes always upon us, would have made us insane, too; and so we were glad when we found the rectory at St. Mary Woolnoth called him away to London."

But let us not do injustice to the man of God—a very prophet Nathan, we do believe; and we believe he could have performed well a prophet Nathan's duties. Only, if Cowper resembled David, it was when the waves and billows had gone over him, not when he had to listen to the parable about a certain lamb. There are men who could be either Dominican Inquisitor or Puritan Martyr in their saintliness. Is it that, reversing Cowper's case, they have a tender conscience and no sensibility? We know such men; it is an edifying work to read them, and to know what work the devil did in the volcano below before God turned it to the alluvial soil above. The best work Newton set Cowper to do, was his sending him to sick-beds and to prayer-meetings; but even in these holy duties he would have been more useful had his walks been longer, and could he have felt that he was outside of the eye of that stern Newton. But it is a mistake of ministers of the Newton school that they will not leave the plants of grace alone; it is dangerous in many instances—it draws from the Master Husbandman. We know we must plough the ground, and plant the sapling, and watch it, and nurture it; and there is another thing we must also do—we must let it alone, or it will not bring forth fruit. The sun, and air, and light are wiser than we are. We must not be always digging about it, and pruning it or cutting off the excrescences from the bark, or it will be a stunted tree. And so it is we do not find Cowper's soul grow much while Newton remained at Olney. Newton indeed grew famously on him; it was a precious and wonderful experience for him to watch; but we do not think he was ever very grateful for lessons taught by Cowper, although Cowper was so grateful to Newton. On the whole, we do not like the relation of Newton to Cowper much; it was very like the relation of Zophar the Naamathite to Job.

These things are ordered better in the unseen city, where they have long since met.

And so Newton left them for his large sphere of duty, and William Cowper and Mary Unwin were all alone. Have we not looked in upon that life, so innocent, so hallowed? And how mighty must have been the depth of love in that beautiful woman's soul!

It is said, on some hands, that marriage was at one time talked of. Very likely. We should think it was talked of as quietly, as the Apostle John and Mary, who sat at Jesus' feet, might have talked of marriage; but it was abandoned. All ends could be answered, divine and human, without that. But few marriages call for such devotion as they knew to each other. What a skeleton was in *that* house which they occupied. What a calm and inflexible delusion lay upon *him*. What a solemn thought of care lay upon *her*. Vain all attempts to rouse him from that melancholy which impelled him to suicide, or to appeal to him by that incessant piety with which he always and ever looked right on to God; but only to despair. Attempting to cure him, it was Mrs. Unwin who roused him to become a poet in earnest. He succeeded, we know, beyond all expectation. He playfully says of his productions to Mr. Unwin, the son of Mary, "I admire them myself, and your mother admires them; and her praise and my praise put together are fame enough for me." But still he could not lift the cloud. Then, during all those years, and especially many months, she gave to him unmingled, unbroken attention. And there was *one day*—*one shocking day*—when he was missed, and sought for—and she came in—and it was *her hand* that cut down the *suicide* before it was too late.

There was a little circumstance which carries a halo of immortal light around it. In those evil days, when sixty years of age, he received from an aged play-fellow of his earliest years his mother's likeness; it came to him from a distance. The sender, like himself, was very old. But how like himself it is to call her "My dear Rose." Her name was Rose Bodham. Well! the affections never grow old; they help to wrinkle the cheek, and even to take the lustre from the eye, but they never decay. And the holiest affections see all things holy ever as young; only sin and earth *can* become hoary. And when he received it, how all the child and the youth welled up in the overflowing streams of affection from the heart of the old man. "The world," he says, "could not have furnished so acceptable a present. I received it with a trepidation of nerves and spirits somewhat akin to that I should have felt had the original presented herself to my embraces. I kissed it, and hung it where it is; the last object that I see at night, and, of course, the first on which I open my eyes in the morning." The heart of Cowper was no rock to need a rod to smite it, and liberate the imprisoned waters; no, his heart was rather a charmed well, and that picture released the fountain from its imprisoning charm. Perhaps there are no verses in the language so pathetic—sacred to the holy genius of the mother. All we who have been born of woman, and left her dead behind

us while we began the weary march of life, or drank of mother's milk, and felt the pressure of maternal kisses, we should stand up before those lines, and reverence the genius of humanity in the holy heart of Cowper. If the reader ever dropt a hasty, unkind, or coarse word upon a mother's ear, he should read these, and think of *his* devotion at sixty—and blush. But the life which, as a whole, seemed so dark—darkened yet more towards the close—all his tenderness was soon to be awakened for the beloved companion of so many years. It was in 1791, while she and Cowper were sitting together, she was seized with giddiness, and smitten with paralysis, was only saved from falling by the hand she had steadied so long. Nor did she ever permanently recover. They had long removed from Olney to Weston, a village in the neighbourhood; and, as Mrs. Unwin's health permitted, they fled from place to place, in search of health and repose. Still, for some time longer, Weston was their home. And now all the tenderness of Cowper's nature broke forth. Now he struggled more earnestly against his insanity—in every way, in every hour, he sought to compensate, if possible, in some measure the tenderness which had so long protected him; but he was thrown more upon his own loneliness, and while in the garden or the orchard, he attempted to cheat the weary hours, but it was yet dark, and an increasing darkness.

It was then, before they finally left Weston, that he addressed to Mrs. Unwin those lines so famous—"To Mary."

"The twentieth year is well-nigh past
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah, would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

"Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow,—
'Twas my distress that made thee so,
My Mary!

"Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rest, disused, and shine no more—
My Mary!

"For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

"But well thou play'st the housewife's part,
And all thy threads, with magic art,
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

"Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

"Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

"For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

"Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet, gently prest, press gently mine,
My Mary!

"Such feebleness of limbs, thou provest
That now, at every step thou move'st,
Upheld by two, yet still thou lovest,
My Mary!

"And still to love, though prest with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

"But, ah! by constant heed, I know
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

"And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!"

These lines are among the most touching and beautiful ever penned, and that simple refrain, the burden of each stanza, it speaks volumes of love and tenderness, it adds much to the affecting pathos of the stanza. Mrs. Unwin's understanding broke down beneath repeated attacks of paralysis; she relapsed into second childhood, and Cowper watched her sufferings in blank despair; she was his sole business in life. At last he refused any food except a piece of bread dipped in water; the king granted him a pension of £300 a year, but he was in no condition to be told of it; his verses were charming and enlightening thousands of homes and hearts, but he was irrecoverably wretched; he lived in hourly terror that he should be taken away; he stayed a whole day in his bedroom guarding his bed, under the idea that in his absence some one would get possession of it and prevent his lying down in it any more; for some time he had a residence on the sea-side in a little village on the coast of Norfolk; there he wrote, "I am the most forlorn of human beings. I tread the shore under the burden of infinite despair, and view every vessel that approaches the coast with an eye of jealousy and fear, lest it arrive with a commission to seize

me." In the increasing illness of Mrs. Unwin, he steadily pursued the thought that all her sufferings were on his account. Yet he never alluded to her or her danger; he knew it well; and on the morning of her death, when a servant came in to open the shutters, he said "Sally—is there life above stairs." A few hours after, that loving heart breathed its last on earth; and then he was haunted by the idea that she was not dead, but would wake up in the grave, and for his account endure the horrors of suffocation. He at last expressed a wish to see her; under the influence of his preconception, he fancied he observed her stir, but when he looked closely and saw that she was really dead, he flung himself to the other side of the room, and he never mentioned her again.

She was buried where she died, within the communion rails, soon to open again to receive her beloved companion. She was buried at night while Cowper slept, in order that all might be hidden from him. If ever you go to the church at East Dereham, and look upon that marble, chaste as the heart once beating, now resting beneath it, would wish it to be, remember, that even in the ranks of women Mary Unwin stands foremost, however obscure her living duties were, for tender heroism of soul; we may say many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. For him there were yet three years before the wished-for yet dreaded close. Happiness he never knew again. He thoroughly revised his Homer; he commenced his poem the "Four Ages." But we must not linger on the close. The end came in 1800. The gloom continued; when the physician called to see him, and inquired how he felt, "Feel!" said Cowper, "I feel unutterable despair." Even to the very last moments, he clung to his despair, he refused all nutriment, "What can it signify?" he said, and they were his last words. But his end was perfect peace. Five persons were standing round his bed at the time, and not one knew the moment of his departure; only it was indeed true; the Bridge of Sighs was past, the prison left, and the palace entered. "From that moment," says his excellent and beloved kinsman, Mr. Johnson, who did so much to alleviate those last hours—"from that moment till the coffin closed, the expression with which his countenance had settled was that of calmness and composure, mingled as it were with holy surprise."

There was an old lady living in London then whose heart went back to a period of forty-five years distance. She was old, but had many years to travel yet, to outlive all who had known those bright old days of Southampton Buildings—the young clerk, now the stately Lord Chancellor—and the bright Harriet, now Lady Hesketh. But when she heard that it was all over, she went to

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the place of secret treasures, and took out a packet of letters and poems forty-five years old, too, and be sure that many tears fell over those magic documents, so long, so carefully preserved, and then lest in some dark hour of sorrow she should commit them to the flames, she sealed the packet, and sent them to a lady, not to be opened till her death; nearly at the age of ninety, Theodora Cowper died, in 1824, and then all those silly, tender, hopeful words, bright with promises and youth, saw the light; and there they are in this edition of Cowper, as youthful as ever, and the bright eye that read them, the lip that kissed them, and the wild heart and the long thin finger that dictated them, are all dust.

From first to last what an incompleated being would life here seem, if for those broken hearts we could not see the Palace beyond the Bridge of Sighs.

We must not dismiss this paper from our hands without calling attention to Mr. Bohn's most comprehensive edition of Southey's "Cowper." Southey's life of the Poet is not all that we could wish, but we prefer it to Grimshaw's. Indeed, we believe that Cowper's life has yet to be written. On the whole, he does not suffer, nor we believe does evangelical truth suffer at the hands of the more competent biographer. Grimshaw's "Life of Cowper" is a piece of literary bungling, in which the presence of Gospel truth is supposed to be quite a sufficient compensation for the absence of insight and art. Southey's life is, of course, a charming biography, written by an incomparable master of English composition, enlivened by a great amount of varied information. Mr. Bohn has included all Southey's fifteen volumes in the eight of the present edition; and additional poems, which, when Southey published, were copyright, those to which we have alluded above as preserved by Theodora Cowper, and many letters then also copyright. On the whole, we may safely say the works of few poets are niched in so pleasant a shrine as Mr. Bohn's eight volume edition of the "Poet Cowper."

II.

LORD MACAULAY'S LAST VOLUME.*

By the thousands of hands which will open this volume, it will be opened accompanied by very mournful feelings; this is the last portion we can possibly receive now from that gifted and glowing pen which has so often enchanted us. It can lay no additional escutcheon of glory or brilliancy upon the hearse of its illustrious author, but it sustains, of course, all the fame won by the previous volumes of the history. The reader will not find here any pictures so brilliant as those which startled and charmed the imagination in former volumes; there is no such painting as we had in the trial of the Bishops, or the siege of Londonderry, or the marvelously-delightful panorama of the state of England during the periods of the later Stuarts and William; but it is all in the well-known style. The stately tramp and clang of the rapid sentences, the bright and vivid presentation of portraits and of scenes; and now that the work is done, it must be said, great as our regret may be, that we shall read of this delightful history no more; it has a perfect unity. Commencing with the circumstances which precipitated the Revolution of 1688, it closes in this volume with the death of William in 1702. No other hand has touched any of these lines, the great historian had himself given his final touches and corrections to all the pages within six of the close of the volume; and the remaining six, devoted to the death of the powerful Prince, the statesman whose memory he has so embalmed, are here as he left them, nor do they need any words of apology; with a sombre, but most appropriate grace, the curtain falls behind the silver-shielded coffin of the author's most beloved hero, William; and the death scene—the last hours of the king who served our nation in our need so well—are portrayed with all the historian's vigour and tenderness.

We shall not attempt any condensed analysis of this volume. The reader will perhaps find that the events which pass before the eye in the perusal of it are as important as most of those recorded in the narrative of preceding years. A mournful interest gathers round the prince, who, still encompassed with embarrassments, is preparing now to quit the scene. With a great deal of interest, the historian has brought out the question of standing armies, then beheld naturally by patriotic men with great jealousy and fear. Some of our readers may be more interested in those little

* The History of England, from the Accession of James the Second. By Lord Macaulay. Vol. 5. Longman and Co.

episodes—with which of course, as usual, the history abounds—in which a domestic incident is made to give a colour and light to a stream of political events. True to himself, Lord Macaulay, in this volume, finds some work for the members of the Society of Friends—the first volume contained the attack on William Penn; the second on George Fox; this last volume contains the story of Spencer Cowper, and the handsome Quaker, which, the reader will not fail to notice, does not lack the narrator's usual bitterness against his old associates and relations. We have referred to the story some few pages back. We believe, too, that it is capable of quite another rendering; but here, as a specimen of our author's effective power, we give it, as he gives it, in detail:—

“At Hertford resided an opulent Quaker family named Stout. A pretty young woman of this family had lately sunk into a melancholy of a kind not very unusual in girls of strong sensibility and lively imagination who are subject to the restraints of austere religious societies. Her dress, her looks, her gestures, indicated the disturbance of her mind. She sometimes hinted her dislike of the sect to which she belonged. She complained that a canting waterman, who was one of the brotherhood, had held forth against her at a meeting. She threatened to go beyond sea, to throw herself out of window, to drown herself. To two or three of her associates she owned that she was in love, and on one occasion she plainly said that the man whom she loved was one whom she never could marry. In fact, the object of her fondness was Spencer Cowper, who was already married. She at length wrote to him in language which she never would have used if her intellect had not been disordered. He, like an honest man, took no advantage of her unhappy state of mind, and did his best to avoid her. His prudence mortified her to such a degree that on one occasion she went into fits. It was necessary, however, that he should see her, when he came to Hertford at the spring assizes of 1699; for he had been entrusted with some money which was due to her on mortgage. He called on her for this purpose late one evening, and delivered a bag of gold to her. She pressed him to be the guest of her family, but he excused himself and retired. The next morning she was found dead among the stakes of a mill-dam on the stream called the Priory River. That she had destroyed herself there could be no reasonable doubt. The coroner's inquest found that she had drowned herself while in a state of mental derangement. But her family was unwilling to admit that she had shortened her own life, and looked about for somebody who might be accused of murdering her. The last person who could be proved to have been in her company was Spencer Cowper. It chanced that two attorneys and a scrivener, who had come down from town to the Hertford assizes, had been overheard, on the unhappy night, talking over their wine about the charms and flirtations of the handsome Quaker girl, in the light way in which such subjects are sometimes discussed even at the circuit tables and mess tables of our more refined

generation. Some wild words, susceptible of a double meaning, were used about the way in which she had jilted one lover, and the way in which another lover would punish her for her coquetry. On no better grounds than these her relations imagined that Spencer Cowper had, with the assistance of these three retainers of the law, strangled her, and thrown her corpse into the water. There was absolutely no evidence of the crime. There was no evidence that any one of the accused had any motive to commit such a crime ; there was no evidence that Spencer Cowper had any connection with the persons who were said to be his accomplices. One of those persons, indeed, he had never seen. But no story is too absurd to be imposed on minds blinded by religious and political fanaticism. The Quakers and the Tories joined to raise a formidable clamour. The Quakers had, in those days, no scruples about capital punishments. They would, indeed, as Spencer Cowper said bitterly, but too truly, rather send four innocent men to the gallows than let it be believed that one who had their light within her had committed suicide. The Tories exulted in the prospect of winning two seats from the Whigs. The whole kingdom was divided between Stouts and Cowpers. At the summer assizes, Hertford was crowded with anxious faces from London, and from parts of England more distant than London. The prosecution was conducted with a malignity and unfairness which to us seem almost incredible ; and, unfortunately, the dullest and most ignorant judge of the twelve was on the bench. Cowper defended himself, and those who were said to be his accomplices, with admirable ability and self-possession. His brother, much more distressed than himself, sat near him through the long agony of that day. The case against the prisoners rested chiefly on the vulgar error that a human body, found, as this poor girl's body had been found, floating in water, must have been thrown into the water while still alive. To prove this doctrine the counsel for the Crown called medical practitioners, of whom nothing is now known except that some of them had been active against the Whigs at Hertford elections. To confirm the evidence of these gentlemen two or three sailors were put into the witness-box. On the other side appeared an array of men of science whose names are still remembered. Among them was William Cowper, not a kinsman of the defendant, but the most celebrated anatomist that England had then produced. He was, indeed, the founder of a dynasty illustrious in the history of science ; for he was the teacher of William Cheselden, and William Cheselden was the teacher of John Hunter. On the same side appeared Samuel Garth, who, among the physicians of the capital, had no rival except Radcliffe, and Hans Sloane, the founder of the magnificent museum which is one of the glories of our country. The attempt of the prosecutors to make the superstitions of the fore-castle evidence for the purpose of taking away the lives of men, was treated by these philosophers with just disdain. The stupid judge asked Garth what he could say in answer to the testimony of the seamen. 'My Lord,' replied Garth, 'I say that they are mistaken. I will find sea-

men in abundance to swear that they have known whistling raise the wind.'

"The jury found the prisoners not guilty; and the report carried back to London by persons who had been present at the trial was that every body applauded the verdict, and that even the Stouts seemed to be convinced of their error. It is certain, however, that the malevolence of the defeated party soon revived in all its energy. The lives of the four men who had just been absolved were again attacked by means of the most absurd and odious proceeding known to our old law, the appeal of murder. This attack too, failed. Every artifice of chicane was at length exhausted; and nothing was left to the disappointed sect and the disappointed faction except to calumniate those whom it had been found impossible to murder. In a succession of libels Spencer Cowper was held up to the execration of the public. But the public did him justice. He rose to high eminence in his profession: he at length took his seat, with general applause, on the judicial bench, and there distinguished himself by the humanity which he never failed to show to unhappy men who stood, as he had once stood, at the bar. Many who seldom trouble themselves about pedigrees may be interested by learning that he was the grandfather of that excellent man and excellent poet William Cowper, whose writings have long been peculiarly loved and prized by the members of the religious community which, under a strong delusion, sought to slay his innocent progenitor."

All readers of Macaulay expect to be conducted to some of those brilliant portraits which adorn the stately edifice he rears. This volume is not wanting in such. With great power he has drawn the minister of Spain, Cardinal Portocarrero; and we should like the dark, and dreadful, and forbidding features to be well studied by our readers. They are the indications of a subtlety from which, in our own country, in our own age, we are not yet by any means safe:—

"Portocarrero was one of a race of men of whom we, happily for us, have seen very little, but whose influence has been the curse of Roman Catholic countries. He was, like Sixtus the Fourth and Alexander the Sixth, a politician made out of an impious priest. Such politicians are generally worse than the worst of the laity—more merciless than any ruffian that can be found in camps, more dishonest than any pettifogger who haunts the tribunals. The sanctity of their profession has an unsanctifying influence on them. The lessons of the nursery, the habits of boyhood and of early youth, leave in the minds of the great majority of avowed infidels some traces of religion, which, in seasons of mourning and of sickness, become plainly discernible. But it is scarcely possible that any such trace should remain in the mind of the hypocrite who, during many years, is constantly going through what he considers as the mummery of preaching, saying mass, baptizing, shriving. When an ecclesiastic of this sort mixes in the contests of men of the

world, he is indeed much to be dreaded as an enemy, but still more to be dreaded as an ally. From the pulpit where he daily employs his eloquence to embellish what he regards as fables, from the altar whence he daily looks down with secret scorn on the prostrate dupes who believe that he can turn a drop of wine into blood, from the confessional where he daily studies with cold and scientific attention the morbid anatomy of guilty consciences, he brings to courts some talents which may move the envy of the more cunning and unscrupulous of lay courtiers; a rare skill in reading characters and in managing tempers, a rare art of dissimulation, a rare dexterity in insinuating what it is not safe to affirm or to propose in explicit terms. There are two feelings which often prevent an unprincipled layman from becoming utterly depraved and despicable, domestic feeling, and chivalrous feeling. His heart may be softened by the endearments of a family. His pride may revolt from the thought of doing what does not become a gentleman. But neither with the domestic feeling, nor with the chivalrous feeling has the wicked priest any sympathy. His gown excludes him from the closest and most tender of human relations, and at the same time dispenses him from the observation of the fashionable code of honour.

"Such a priest was Portocarrero; and he seems to have been a consummate master of his craft. To the name of statesman he had no pretensions. The lofty part of his predecessor Ximenes was out of the range, not more of his intellectual, than his moral capacity. To reanimate a paralysed and torpid monarchy, to introduce order and economy into a bankrupt treasury, to restore the discipline of an army which had become a mob, to refit a navy which was perishing from mere rottenness—these were achievements beyond the power, beyond even the ambition, of that ignoble nature. But there was one task for which the new minister was admirably qualified—that of establishing, by means of superstitious terror, an absolute dominion over a feeble mind; and the feeblest of all minds was that of his unhappy sovereign."

The historian sketches, with his brilliancy of colouring, the effect of this priestly dominancy over the mind of Charles of Spain—especially pointing to the morbid tastes of the king and his ancestors:—

"Meanwhile, in the distempered mind of Charles one mania succeeded another. A longing to pry into those mysteries of the grave from which human beings avert their thoughts had long been hereditary in his house. Juana, from whom the mental constitution of her posterity seems to have derived a morbid taint, had sate, year after year, by the bed on which lay the ghastly remains of her husband, apparelled in the rich embroidery and jewels which he had been wont to wear while living. Her son Charles found an eccentric pleasure in celebrating his own obsequies—in putting on his shroud, placing him-

self in the coffin, covering himself with the pall, and lying as one dead till the requiem had been sung, and the mourners had departed, leaving him alone in the tomb. Philip the Second found a similar pleasure in gazing on the huge chest of bronze in which his remains were to be laid, and especially on the skull which, encircled with the crown of Spain, grinned at him from the cover. Philip the Fourth, too, hankered after burials and burial-places, gratified his curiosity by gazing on the remains of his great-grandfather, the Emperor, and sometimes stretched himself out at full length like a corpse in the niche which he had selected for himself in the royal cemetery. To that cemetery his son was now attracted by a strange fascination. Europe could show no more magnificent place of sepulture. A staircase encrusted with jasper led down from the stately church of the Escorial into an octagon situated just beneath the high altar. The vault, impervious to the sun, was rich with gold and precious marbles, which reflected the blaze from a huge chandelier of silver. On the right and on the left reposed, each in a massy sarcophagus, the departed kings and queens of Spain. Into this mausoleum the king descended with a long train of courtiers, and ordered the coffins to be unclosed. His mother had been embalmed with such consummate skill that she appeared as she had appeared on her death-bed. The body of his grandfather, too, seemed entire, but crumbled into dust at the first touch. From Charles neither the remains of his mother nor those of his grandfather could draw any sign of sensibility. But, when the gentle and graceful Louisa of Orleans, the miserable man's first wife, she who had lighted up his dark existence with one short and pale gleam of happiness, presented herself, after the lapse of ten years, to his eyes, his sullen apathy gave way. 'She is in heaven,' he cried; 'and I shall soon be there with her:' and, with all the speed of which his limbs were capable, he tottered back to the upper air."

But we must reserve a space for a farewell glance at the illustrious man who, in a period of much difficulty, served our nation so bravely. Lord Macaulay brings out in this volume William's determination to resign a throne which brought him only ingratitude, irritation, and annoyance. Somers, with difficulty, and only by the threat of his own resignation, induced the King to reconsider his. The death of James, and the acknowledgment of the Pretender by Louis XIV. as King of England, was no doubt a bitter disappointment to William; but it called forth, in our own country, a splendid burst of enthusiastic loyalty—it was a gleam of satisfaction round a dying man. Thus Lord Macaulay describes the last scene in the life of his hero, and with these words concludes his own history:—

"The King meanwhile was sinking fast. Albemarle had arrived at Kensington from the Hague, exhausted by rapid travelling. His master kindly bade him go to rest for some hours, and then summoned

him to make his report. That report was in all respects satisfactory. The States-General were in the best temper ; the troops, the provisions, and the magazines were in the best order. Everything was in readiness for an early campaign. William received the intelligence with the calmness of a man whose work was done. He was under no illusion as to his danger. 'I am fast drawing,' he said, 'to my end.' His end was worthy of his life. His intellect was not for a moment clouded. His fortitude was the more admirable because he was not willing to die. He had very lately said to one of those whom he most loved, 'You know that I never feared death ; there have been times when I should have wished it ; but, now that this great new prospect is opening before me, I do wish to stay here a little longer.' Yet no weakness, no querulousness, disgraced the noble close of that noble career. To the physicians the king returned his thanks graciously and gently. 'I know that you have done all that skill and learning could do for me : but the case is beyond your art ; and I submit.' From the words which escaped him he seemed to be frequently engaged in mental prayer. Burnet and Tenison remained many hours in the sick room. He professed to them his firm belief in the truth of the Christian religion, and received the sacrament from their hands with great seriousness. The antechambers were crowded all night with lords and privy councillors. He ordered several of them to be called in, and exerted himself to take leave of them with a few kind and cheerful words. Among the English who were admitted to his bedside were Devonshire and Ormond. But there were in the crowd those who felt as no Englishman could feel, friends of his youth who had been true to him, and to whom he had been true, through all vicissitudes of fortune ; who had served him with unalterable fidelity when his Secretaries of State, his Treasury and his Admiralty had betrayed him ; who had never on any field of battle, or in an atmosphere tainted with loathsome and deadly disease, shrunk from placing their own lives in jeopardy to save his, and whose truth he had at the cost of his own popularity rewarded with bounteous munificence. He strained his feeble voice to thank Auverquerque for the affectionate and loyal services of thirty years. To Albemarle he gave the keys of his closet, and of his private drawers. 'You know,' he said, 'what to do with them.' By this time he could scarcely respire. 'Can this,' he said to the physicians, 'last long ?' He was told that the end was approaching. He swallowed a cordial, and asked for Bentinck. Those were his last articulate words. Bentinck instantly came to the bed-side, bent down, and placed his ear close to the King's mouth. The lips of the dying man moved, but nothing could be heard. The King took the hand of his earliest friend, and pressed it tenderly to his heart. In that moment, no doubt, all that had cast a slight passing cloud over their long and pure friendship was forgotten. It was now between seven and eight in the morning. He closed his eyes, and gasped for breath. The bishops knelt down and read the commendatory prayer. When it ended, William was no more.

"When his remains were laid out, it was found that he wore next to his skin a small piece of black-silk riband. The lords-in-waiting ordered it to be taken off. It contained a gold ring and a lock of the hair of Mary."

Now surely, among eminent writers, not one of our own day has attained to greater right to the homage of respectful and critical regard than Macaulay. The qualities of his mind are of extraordinary brilliancy. His style at once heaves—like an ocean burning beneath the rising sun—with a massive magnificence, with a pomp and swell of diction, rolling and surging like an advancing tide; while its separate waves flash with a lustre broken into ten thousand sparkling points. Refusing to be included among this great writer's *greatest* admirers, we, in common with millions, must admire the rare combination of two great powers, pomp and dignity, which remind us of Milton, Hooker, or Sir Thomas Brown; and pertinency and sparkling point, which remind us of Thomas Fuller. Never in this department of literature, has popular power been united to so much brilliancy and to so much strength. There is doubtless a profusion of mental wealth of very varied orders—the discussions of a philosopher, the descriptions of a poet, the disquisitions of a statesman. The words aiming at no especial purity of Saxon simplicity, are yet like the mind of England, and speak that mind; they fly fast and bright from the anvil of thought; they are strong, they are tender. You would not call them felicitous words; they are too mighty, too daring; but words, ideas, and images, all reflect a mind not only alive, but alert, intense in its determination, collected in all its powers; in short, a healthy giant, working.

A question has been debated with a great deal of intensity from time to time by literary men in various literary circles, as to the place to be assigned to Lord Macaulay in the kingdom of letters; this leads to another, namely, the distinctions to be drawn as separating the ministry of *taste* from the ministry of *genius*. We confess the subject has not appeared to us to be invested by so many difficulties as have been associated with it in the minds of disputants. Genius seems to us the originating power, the force whence springs the work of exalted mental excellence; Taste, the perceiving power, whence proceeds the work of discriminating the error, and developing the harmony of the greatness it could not produce. Genius is awed by its own volitions and creations. The magnificence of its own conceptions is enough for it; it does not need books; it does not *need* any auxiliaries; it will use them, but if it does, it uses them as a giant may use a staff, not for rest, or as a necessity, but for its own satisfaction and amusement. It is the

reverse of this with *taste*—the books, pictures, statues, and scenes, shoot volitions and thoughts into it ; or they are reflecting mirrors, and it lights its torch at their focal fires. It has power, but it is derived power. Genius usually needs a middle man, a translator. But the office of taste is itself to translate ; it reads with avidity and readiness the works of genius ; it is a great linguist, but it cannot construct a language. Thus it will be seen that taste lies nearer to the region of talent than genius. Genius cannot so well tell you the laws by which it acts as talent and taste. We do not believe that even Shakspeare would have made a first-rate critic, any more than a planet could discourse of centrifugal or centripetal, or gravitation could define a law. Genius is a lawgiver—sometimes it is an Iconoclast. Taste points its finger constantly to the canon and the code ; it detects what is fitting in arrangement ; has a fine eye for colour and effect ; it carries a vigorous consciousness into all its performances. Genius is on the contrary unconscious. It works frequently on principles it cannot comprehend. The aim of taste is correctness. The aim of genius is the emancipation of the soul from its furnace of fire. Genius pours the colour over the canvas, lives before the easel, and in the studio. Taste collects the canvases of genius, frames them, hangs them in the gallery, and reverently delights to be the cicerone to lead from painting to painting, pointing to the beauties, sometimes suggesting an improvement, but ever rousing the spectator by the tones and the colours which might otherwise have escaped the eye. Thus we feel that we must assign to Lord Macaulay a foremost place among great artists. We give him a most distinguished niche among the monarchs and masters of Taste.

We have referred to the *logical acuteness* of this writer. It is Logic which sets the scaling ladders of thought ; it is logic which arranges, gives purpose to the ideas, and the language with which a great writer may be charged ; rhetoric is only another name for logical sequence ; we almost expect the master of the one to be the master of the other ; they both concern themselves with the arrangement and ordering of mental material. Logic is the rhetoric of thought ; rhetoric is the logic of expression. It is true the world has not been wanting in great and accomplished teachers, who have disdained the more obvious formularies both of the one and the other of these arts, but they were only able to do so in proportion as nature had endowed them with the real power without the artificial form.

Thus in his essays Macaulay shows himself to be a most admirable logician—not indeed that we have any illustrations of scholastic dialectics—some kinds of logic resemble the tortuous process of grinding ; the work is done surely enough, but it is a

long task ; you have to put your argument into the mill, and turn and turn, until you find the result in the deposit below ; but other kinds of logic resemble a hammer, which breaks at once the rock, the stone, the fossil, and lays bare the secret within ; Lord Macaulay's logic is of the latter order, and, ah, with what spiteful spleen he brings down his hammer on the head of the unfortunate antagonist ; he never thinks apparently of answering what he does not mean to crush. We might refer to many papers as illustrations of this, the combination of logic, imagination, and wit, but will especially notice that on Mr. Gladstone's relations of Church and State. With what admirable energy does he denounce that disposition, too common in many of us, to treat an abstract question as a settled truism :—

“ There is no harm at all in inquiring what course a stone thrown into the air would take, if the law of gravitation did not operate. But the consequences would be unpleasant, if the inquirer, as soon as he had finished his calculation, were to begin to throw stones about in all directions, without considering that his conclusion rests on a false hypothesis, and that his projectiles, instead of flying away through infinite space, will speedily return in parabolas, and break the windows and heads of his neighbours.”

You do not need to be told that there is a kind of wit which is of the highest order of logic in scientific dialectics ; we advance, as it were, through a series of concentric rings, until we find the central heart of the question, but wit will often cut down through the heart of the question at once. The comparison between the ancient and modern philosophy in our author's *Analyses of the Genius of Bacon* is full of those which may be called logical intuitions—no writer so reminds us of Hobbes' *Theory of Laughter*—that it is a kind of glory—every demolishing blow from the hammer of our dialectician seems to ring and re-echo back a kind of triumphant, and defiant note ; his sentences on those occasions stand like giants over the foe they have thrown to the earth, uttering a triumphant roar of laughter.

In our readings of any author, we must not expect from him what he has not got to give ; thank him for his literary wares, and let him go. In Macaulay, what we shall find will be strong common sense, defended by philosophy, and illuminated and adorned by poetry, or rather by eloquence. More than this we shall not find, more than this we must not expect. Our writer would seem to know this ; hence he never criticises those men and those works which demand for their knowledge and appreciation a fine spiritual insight and instinct. The bodies of the imagination on which he will lovingly dwell must be near to the region of the

understanding. His literary heroes are only the men whose names are obviously identified with the suffrages of men. For such persons as Wordsworth, or Coleridge, or Keats; for Schiller, or Jean Paul, or even Goethe, he seems to have nothing to say. He has no taste for the abstract either in philosophy or poetry. He would not sit down to analyse the great work of Berkley with the pleasure he devoted to Bacon. Nor would he feel the delight in estimating the genius of Herder, or of Mendelssohn, which he felt in analysing the character and doctrines of Macchiavelli. If he ever listens to those voices which fall from the highest wonders of our world, or of other worlds, he only listens; they do not lead him away to any fields of indefinite speculation. His imagination is logic. He wears his ornaments like golden fetters. The most shining points of his discourse are always linked to the chief matters of it. And every movement of that eloquent pen adds something to the fact, and nothing to the fancy of the subject in hand.

In his richest descriptions, Macaulay derives his strength from his power of grouping all the parts and persons necessary to add to the interest of a picture together. He sketches a magnificent *tableaux*; he omits nothing calculated to thrill or arrest the attention. The matchless portrait of the Puritans, the description of the trial of Warren Hastings, the analysis of the genius of Burke are illustrations of this. We constantly see how much he is indebted to his memory; he is a fine illustration for those philosophers who hold the intimate relation and family dependency of the memory and the imagination. As in the case of our friend, Captain Cuttle, "When found make a note on," seems to be his invariable principle. He transfers the simplest incident in a poor biography to his memory, and, by and bye, centralises it on some broad and magnificent canvas, compelling it to give life to a great historical event. His essays and portrayals are like great historical paintings, in which every living character is pressed into the service of the artist, and made to contribute his portrait. No event is so mean but he will make it the minister to some event of real importance. His curiosity is insatiable; and it must be said it is often concerned in very little things. It is frightful to think what tons of rubbish the man must have read; he must have threshed immense quarters of chaff, to be rewarded, one thinks, at the rate of one ear of wheat for every quarter. He watches dates too, as a gryphon was wont to watch gold. His accuracy seems to be equal to his curiosity, so far as its verbal significance is regarded as accuracy. He has the power to plod like the most prosaic Dryasdust, and to paint with colours as vivid and with delineations more truthful than Walter Scott.

The reader will not have read so little of our author as to need to be told that his bitterness is intense; this gives the charm to his essays and to his history. One would say he kept always by him, on his study table, a bottle of acetic acid, and a drop or two on a reputation or a character displeasing to him effectually blisters and burns. This is the chief characteristic of his wit; it is sharp, even to malevolence; it is often false too, because he sacrifices to force and point, and epigrammatic brilliancy, every other consideration; hence, all his verdicts must be received with modification. We may cite a few illustrative and pointed sayings from the *Essay on Horace Walpole*:—

“His writings, it is true, rank as high among the delicacies of intellectual epicures as the Strasburg pies (among the dishes described in the *Almanack des Gourmands*). But as that (the *pate-de-foie-gras*) owes its excellencies to the diseases of the wretched animal which furnishes it, and would be good-for-nothing if it were not made of livers preternaturally swollen; so none but an unhealthy and disorganized mind could have produced such literary luxuries as the works of Walpole. . . . His mind was a bundle of inconsistent whims and affectations. His features were covered by mask within mask. When the outer disguise of obvious affectation was removed, you were still as far as ever from seeing the real man. He played innumerable parts, and overacted them all. When he talked misanthropy, he out-Timoned Timon. When he talked philanthropy, he left Howard at an immeasurable distance. He wished to be a celebrated author, and yet a mere idle gentleman—one of those epicurean gods of the earth who do nothing at all, and who pass their existence in the contemplation of their own perfections. Every page of Walpole's works betrays him. This Diogenes, who would be thought to prefer his tub to a palace, and who has nothing to ask of the masters of Windsor and Versailles, but that they will stand out of his light, is a gentleman usher at heart. Serious business was a trifle to him; and trifles were his serious business. To chat with blue stockings—to write little copies of complimentary verses on little occasions—to superintend a private press—to preserve from natural decay the perishable topics of Ranelagh and Whites—to record divorces and bets—Miss Chudleigh's absurdities, and George Selwyn's good sayings—to decorate a grotesque house with pie-crust battlements, to procure rare engravings and antique chimney boards—to match old gauntlets—to lay out a maze of walks within five acres of ground—these were the grave employments of his long life. From these he turned to politics, as to an amusement. After the labours of the print-shop and the auction-room, he unbent his mind in the House of Commons. And, having indulged in the recreation of making laws and voting millions, he returned to more important pursuits, to researches after Queen Mary's comb, Wolsey's red hat, the pipe which Van Tromp smoked during his last

sea-fight, and the spur which King William struck into the flank of Sorrell."

This brilliant passage will convey to the reader's mind the idea of the peculiarities of Lord Macaulay's style—alike in its strength, and its pertinency, and its vice.

Here is an epigram on the men of the Revolution of 1688:—

"The men to whom we owe it, that we have a House of Commons, are sneered at because they did not suffer the debates of the House to be published. The authors of the Toleration Act are treated as bigots, because they did not go the length of the Catholic Emancipation Act. Just so, we have heard a baby, mounted on the shoulders of its father, cry out, 'How much taller I am than papa!'"

Some of his epigrams will be well known to you. For instance, his characterisation of Dr. Southey:—

"Dr. Southey brings to his task two faculties which were never, we believe, vouchsafed, in measure so copious, to any human being—the faculty of believing without a reason, and the faculty of hating without a provocation."

Everybody remembers his onslaught on Robert Montgomery's poems. Far too severe, we think, but very characteristic—

"His writing bears the same relation to poetry which a Turkey carpet does to a picture. There are colours in the Turkey carpet, out of which a picture might be made; there are words in Mr. Montgomery's writing which, when disposed in certain orders and combinations, have made, and will again make, good poetry. But, as they now stand, they seem to be put together on principle, in such a manner as to give us an image of anything—'in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth.'"

And that kind of poetry has been baptized the Turkey-carpet school ever since. Again:—

"From the poetry of Lord Byron, you may draw a system of ethics compounded of misanthropy and voluptuousness; a system in which the two great commandments are, to hate your neighbour, and to love your neighbour's wife."

But if the reader would see all Macaulay's power of contempt, scorn, and bitterness, he must turn to the article on Barère. Truly he was a good hater. We must select two or three sentences from this fierce invective:—

"We cannot conclude without saying something about two parts of

his character, which his biographer appears to consider as deserving of high admiration. Barère, it is admitted, was somewhat fickle ; but in two things he was consistent, in his love of Christianity, and in his hatred to England. If this were so, we must say that England is much more beholden to him than Christianity. . . . Mix together Thistlewood and Bubb Dodington, and you are still far from having Barère.

"We therefore like his invectives against us much better than any thing else he has written ; and dwell on them, not merely with complacency, but with a feeling akin to gratitude. It was but little that he could do to promote the honour of our country ; but that little he did strenuously and constantly. Renegade, traitor, slave, coward, liar, slanderer, murderer, hack writer, police-spy—the one small service which he could render to England was to hate her : and such as he was may all who hate her be !

"We cannot say that we contemplate with equal satisfaction that fervent and constant zeal for religion which, according to M. Hippolyte Carnot, distinguished Barère ; for, as we think that whatever brings dishonour on religion is a serious evil, we had, we own, indulged a hope that Barère was an atheist. We now learn, however, that he was at no time even a sceptic, that he adhered to his faith through the whole revolution, and that he has left several manuscript works on divinity. One of these is a pious treatise, entitled "Of Christianity, and of its Influence." Another consists of meditations on the Psalms, which will doubtless greatly console and edify the Church.

"This makes the character complete. Whatsoever things are false, whatsoever things are dishonest, whatsoever things are unjust, whatsoever things are impure, whatsoever things are hateful, whatsoever things are of evil report, if there be any vice, and if there be any infamy, all these things, we knew, were blended in Barère. But one thing was still wanting ; and that M. Hippolyte Carnot has supplied. When to such an assemblage of qualities a high profession of piety is added, the effect becomes overpowering. We sink under the contemplation of such exquisite and manifold perfection ; and feel, with deep humility, how presumptuous it is in us to think of composing the legend of this beautified athlete of the faith, St. Bertrand of the Carmagnoles."

Macaulay has portrayed the history of our country at a most important transition period—that period when all was excitement, but the excitement and the life about to crystallise and consolidate itself down, to fuse itself in order and constitutional law. Fielding and Smollet have been our best historians for the social usages and characteristics of those times. They were days of pre-eminent difficulty. The manners of the people were coarse and vulgar ; the intelligence diffused was that rather of a rude animalism than of a manly or womanly development. There is little to attract

us in those times, save as they are beheld through the page of fancy and of fiction. In truth, with but little reservation, we may say every man "did that which was right in his own eyes;" always providing that his idea of right was the highest moral wrong. Oppression and time-serving then met the eye at every turn; nothing looked as if it were fixed; few things appeared to have the stamp of age before them; the country, in all its relations, in politics and in religion, seemed to be given over to knavery and power. The poor peasantry were ground down by a tax the most unequal and unjust the country has ever known, called hearth money; and the mode in which it was levied, and the terrible proportion of it, and the weight with which it especially pressed on the poor, would alone, in lands less patient than ours, have caused a revolution. As to the country itself, many parts were scarcely reclaimed from barbarism. A part of Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, and Huntingdonshire was a great and desolate fen, in which lived a wild and savage population called the Bradlings, who have been described as leading an amphibious life, sometimes wading and sometimes towing from one islet to another. In the north of England the parishes were required to keep bloodhounds for the purpose of tracking freebooters.

Terrible indeed those times were which he has undertaken to sketch; they mingle in our minds with very varied lights and shades. Regarded any how they are romantic and even grotesque, but they have few shades of beauty; the red light of a bloody horror seems to fall over scenery and character, incident and life, we would fain wish to regard as picturesque. The historian seizes the pen immediately as the last act of the Great Rebellion closes by the restoration of Charles II. The last volume we have does not conduct us far from this date, but the history shows to us few pictures on which the eye rests with any complacency.

It was an age of intense excitement—so is ours, but our excitement is defined by purpose, and governed by law; our excitement is material: but the individual and society on the whole grow by its energy and its intensity. In that day all was indeed unrest—the unrest of an ominous and dreadful sleep—it was not the unrest of healthful labour, it was the restlessness of nightmare. The great army which had terrified Holland, France, Spain, and Italy was disbanded, and it is to their immortal honour that all parties have recorded how instantly all those mighty Ironsides and Roundheads became citizens, and, without one act of violence, melted among the masses of the people. The grey head of their awful general—that tremendous man to whose sagacity and genius, and impenetrable but powerful will the mightiest generals of ancient and modern times, Pericles or Gustavus, Cæsar or

Napoleon, look poor and tame, to whom we owe it that our civil war did not degenerate to a French revolution—was rotting over Westminster Hall. England was a vassal of France; Charles, like James, received money from Louis to vail to that ambitious and vain prince the power and sovereignty of himself and his kingdom. Amused with his dogs and his harlots at Whitehall, the successor of Cromwell did not heed, or only heeded to smile at, the cannons of the great Dutch Admiral thundering along the Thames and striking the notes of invasion. Alison has the daring impudence to ascribe this disgraceful spectacle of our fleets burnt in the channel to the wretched provision the Great Rebellion had made for the lasting defence of the realm! The scaffold and the headsman were well employed in those days. The pure and spotless Sir Harry Vane; the rigid and roman Algernon Sydney; the christian and meek-hearted Lord William Russell—these were some of the victims, and victims with whom we cannot see that Macaulay has much sympathy. Nonconformists were a proscribed race. Magistrates had the power to transport them beyond the seas without the needless formality of a trial. They sought to dwell near each other, and were wont to break a door in the wall between their houses to admit each other to spiritual companionship and fellowship. In those days Milton narrowly escaped hanging. Bunyan was passing through his twelve years' imprisonment.

Charles II. died, but his death brought no repose or rest to the nation. A careless and reckless spendthrift, a good-humoured, and witty, and easy tyrant, who made other men ministers of his tyrannies, died. He had sworn to defend the Protestant faith. He was admitted on his death-bed secretly into the Church of Rome. To him succeeded a cold, cruel, self-willed tyrant, who would have no advice, and, ruled by no ministers, then began in earnest a struggle for prerogative. The king and the people were leagued against each other more fearfully than in the days of the Great Rebellion. We shudder at those times, they are not like our country's records. They are too cruel and bloody, more horrible to read, more harrowing than even the days of Mary, or of Henry VIII. The country was mad. The king, sworn to Protestantism, opened his private chapel in his palace and publicly elevated the Host. If treason and rebellion stalked through the land, remember how that king had forfeited his coronation vows. Remember that Jesuitism was everywhere, in the highest and lowest places of the land. Only hurry your eye along the topics of excitement which formed the staple of conversation in those days at the old house on the grange, by the hostel fireside, in the city, and on the exchange. James II. was one of the most cruel

and revengeful princes that ever wore a crown. He lived by revenge. Titus Oates was, we fear, worthy of all he received, but he lived in a day when corruption was fashionable, when integrity and modesty were regarded as mere tricks of commerce; when perjury was a very innocent and common-place kind of vice. He aimed high. He *was* a villain, but there was a foundation for his villany in the state of the times; but James when he ascended to power did not forgive him. The pillory and cart's tail were ordinary implements of justice then, but scarcely ever before or since was there so brutal and horrible a sentence. He had been the people's favourite, the idol of the nation. His coarse, low, hard face and baboon visage did impersonate to the people their hatred of Popery. He stood in the pillory twice. He was flogged through the city from Aldgate to Tyburn through two days. It seemed impossible that he could survive the horrible lash. The multitudes thronged the streets; the blood streamed in rivulets. The hangman laid on the lash with such severity that it was clear "he had received special instructions." James was entreated to remit the second flogging. His answer was short and decided: "He shall go through with it if he has breath in his body." Strange freakish fortune. The rascal did survive it, and received from the Government, in a few years, not his sentence of annual pillory and perpetual imprisonment, but a pension of £400. Very different was the character of Samuel Johnson; a patriot—a somewhat mistaken and especially a misled one—he received a sentence almost as cruel. He hated Popery and King James with a good fervent hatred. We have no fellow-feeling with Macaulay in his sneer at the intemperance of this well-meaning and much-abused man. The clergy stripped his gown from his back. "You are taking my gown from off my back for trying to keep yours on your own backs," said he; and he was right. They plucked the Bible from his hands; it was part of the form. "You cannot," said he, seizing it, and bursting into tears, "deprive me of the hopes I owe to it." They flogged him, with a scourge of nine lashes, from Newgate to Tyburn. The king was interceded with again and again on his behalf; but there was no remission of sentence to be obtained. "Mr. Johnson has the spirit of a martyr; it is fit that he should be one," was the reply of this great champion for freedom of conscience. During the flogging he never winced. Oates had roared and bellowed all the way. He said the pain was cruel, but he remembered how patiently the cross had been borne up Calvary; and, only that he feared to incur the suspicion of vain-glory, he would have sung a psalm. We confess our heart leaps more at this endurance and sustenance of the simple-minded

clergyman than at any of the incidents of the trial of the bishops. These were some of the amusing exhibitions James provided for his admiring people—these were some of the modes by which he attempted to conciliate public opinion to his favour—but they were not all.

He equalled himself when he elevated to the bench, and made Lord Chief Justice, a man whose name has never, in any English court of judicature, had its parallel for brutality and shameless infamy. His court was the den of a wild beast. Charles II. said of him :—"That man has no learning, no sense, no manners, and more impudence than ten carted street-walkers." He was fond of harrowing the feelings of his victims. The dear and glorious Richard Baxter, that chosen ornament of the piety and holy wisdom of our nation, narrowly escaped flogging at the cart's tail. Think of that, and then think what those times must have been. He loved to sentence women to be flogged in public. "Hangman," he would say, "I charge you to pay particular attention to this lady. Scourge her soundly, man; scourge her till the blood runs down! It is Christmas—a cold time for madam to strip in: see that you warm her shoulders thoroughly." In this way his humorous and facetious spirit showed itself. One cannot but feel interested in the courtship and married life of this English Haynau. We said the nation was wrought to madness—and yet how many blows of cruel tyranny had to be struck before the mild and merciful English people determined that the judgment should fall! The reader remembers the days of the Battle of Sedgemoor—the rebellion of Monmouth. He remembers that Bloody Assize—that clot of gore on the memory of James. Those were the days in which the beautiful Lady Alice Lisle was sentenced by the butcher to be burnt "that very afternoon," for affording only food and shelter to two runaway rebels from Sedgemoor, and who was actually for that crime beheaded—beheaded only because they were strangers and taken in, hungry and fed! Elizabeth Gaunt had given bread and shelter, too, to a villain; he informed against her, and she was burnt at Tyburn. In the Bloody Assize, Jeffreys boasted that he had hanged more traitors than all his predecessors since the Conquest. In the west of England, on every spot where two roads met, on every village green, a gallows and gibbet were erected; "before every church some blameless neighbour grinned in iron." The bloody passion of the Lord Chief Justice had been shown by his causing the court of Taunton be hung with red cloth. Lord Stowell ventured to remonstrate on the remorseless manner in which his poor neighbours had been butchered: so he was favoured by having a corpse suspended in chains at his park gates. The

Lord Chief Justice and the King were worthy of each other. We know what Jeffreys was ; we know what the King was, too. He could not forgive ; he could not spare ; he could not conciliate. After his calm and peaceful sleep in his cell, the great and holy Duke of Argyle stepped forth from his prison to lay his grey hairs on the scaffold. For Monmouth we do not feel so much sympathy. We perhaps should feel none if the King had not contrived to give to his execution those circumstances tending to create detestation to him and sympathy for the duke. " You had better be frank with me," said James to Mr. Ayloff, one of the rebels, when before the Council ; " you know it is in my power to pardon you." " I know it is in your power, but it is not in your nature," replied the sturdy and undaunted man. Then came the Trial of the Bishops—a very light affair, as it seems to us, compared with other transactions, but exhibiting a determined disposition on the part of the King to crush all law and to reign paramount—especially to bring back and to exalt Romanism ; to violate coronation oaths and every principle of faith and duty. *It was time that James should go—it was time that William should come.* It is impossible to refrain from indignation at our position in those days—this great and mighty land a pensionary on the will of France and Louis. Every principle of justice invaded and inverted. All things, all national affairs, adrift. *It was time that William should come.* The bustle of preparation had been going on for some time on the Hague. Louis knew it, and longed to save James from disgrace ; but he was blind as well as mad. He rushed, all his life long, upon his doom, as if impelled by a fate ; and something like a Grecian fatalism does seem to run through all that family. James fled—left London without a monarch and a head—*fled like himself*—dared to fling the great seals into the Thames—left his metropolis to the wild horrors of the Irish night ;—but not before William had been received by the people of the West. By this great revolution no law had been suspended—no cruelty characterized the transition of power. James had abdicated, and was virtually dead. William succeeded by popular acclamation to the throne. The answer of old Maynard, who had accused Stafford in Westminster Hall, and was now ninety years of age, when, on the lawyers paying their homage to William, the King said—" Why, Mr. Serjeant, you have survived all the lawyers of your standing." " Yes, Sir," said the old man ; " and, but for your Highness, I should have survived the laws too." How this happy, witty, and most elegant answer illustrates that revolution ! These are the times—these are the events—on which our historian has expended his happiest powers.

For one thing we may be especially grateful to our writer, among others: he has done justice to William III.,—a tardy justice is done to the memories of men, and in our age especially dead heroes seem to be perpetually starting from their tombs, to be reniched in history. The insolence with which by many writers the memory of William has been treated is intolerable. That gross partizan, Miss Strickland, usually calls him "the Dutchman," and other writers are similarly loyal and courteous to his memory. Macaulay has done for him what Carlyle has done for Cromwell—throughout the volumes William's name stands forward, commanding our homage by his bearing, and true, and unmistakeable royalty. Of the three men, Cromwell, Charles II., and William, the last, says Macaulay, seems to have fared the worst; Cromwell was hated, but he was strong, no one could doubt, and he had many of those popular traits which compel history to speak reverently of a man; he had a grand and daring enthusiasm, and he swept to and fro, fierce, mighty, and terribly powerful; he effectually quelled all faction in his day, and as Landor has admirably said, "In his dealings with the sovereigns of Europe, he entered their courts as into a den of tigers, and scourged them out howling." Charles II. was a man very unlike to James II., a bad man, a very bad prince, but he had all the qualifications of a great favourite; he could lounge in the park, or on the Mall, chat with Dryden, saunter with his favourite courtiers, and even affect a graceful unbending to men not belonging to the court; he could always slap Buckingham or Rochester on the back, and everlastingly had some good and smart thing on his tongue. William was the reverse of all this; he was unlike both of these men—he had not the mingled power, majesty, and enthusiasm of the first; he had none of the good humour and affability of the last; but he was a great man and a great king. "He could not adorn a court—he could save a nation;" he had no winning vices, he could not chatter about actresses or race cups; he had no chivalrous feelings for women; and when he asked the Princess Anne to dine with him, he devoured the whole dish of the first green peas without offering her a spoonful! This was dreadful, and proved him to be a low Dutch boor. Even you and I, reader, could not have sat quietly by and beheld that; and who could? Moreover, his pronunciation was quite German, or Dutch, when he spoke at all, but he usually preserved a chilling silence. But, although he had few courtly manners at his command, he had a great deal of honesty. He was able to cope with France, he made England independent again; "he served our nation well," although surrounded by men who were, as he well knew, traitors to his government and his interest. He was a free man himself, and had, we believe, what is

often found behind rugged and ill-fashioned behaviour, a gentleman's soul. When they tendered him the oaths and crown of Scotland, he spoke out publicly, for he knew the factions there, "I will not," he said, "lay myself under any obligations to be a persecutor." "Neither the words of that oath," said one of the commissioners, "nor the laws of Scotland, lay any such obligation on your majesty." "In that sense, then, I swear," said he, "but I desire you all, my lords and gentlemen, to witness that I do so."

Who does not feel the witchery of Macaulay's *interesting* power. One of the slightest and most insignificant sources of his popular strength, is not merely his power of narration in the whole, but his power of telling a short story. He is a master of anecdote; he has a fund and variety of illustrative incident at his command; he makes a little story to do the work of a happy image. Thus King William had very little faith in touching for the king's evil, as his ancestors through immemorial ages had done. William had too much sense to be duped, and too much honesty to bear a part in what he knew to be an imposture. "It is a silly superstition," he exclaimed, when he heard that, at the close of Lent, his palace was besieged by a crowd of the sick; "give the poor creatures some money, and send them away." On one single occasion, he was importuned into laying his hands on a patient—"God give you better health," he said, "and more sense!"

At the siege of Namur, "while the conflict was raging, William, who was giving his orders under a shower of bullets, saw, with surprise and anger, among the officers of his staff, Michael Godfrey, the deputy-governor of the Bank of England. This gentleman had come to the king's head quarters, in order to make some arrangement for the speedy and safe remittance of money from England to the army in the Netherlands, and was curious to see real war. Such curiosity William could not endure. 'Mr. Godfrey,' he said, 'you ought not to run such hazards; you are not a soldier; you can be of no use here.' 'Sir,' answered Godfrey, 'I run no more hazard than your Majesty.' 'Not so,' said William, 'I am where it is my duty to be, and I may without hesitation commit my life to God's keeping. But you—' while they were talking, a cannon ball from the ramparts laid Godfrey dead at the king's feet. It was not found, however, that the fear of being Godfreyed—such was during some time the cant phrase—sufficed to keep idle gazers from coming to the trenches. Though William forbade his coachmen, footmen, and cooks to expose themselves, he repeatedly saw them skulking near the most dangerous spots, and trying to get a peep at the fighting. He

was sometimes, it is said, provoked into horse-whipping them out of the range of the French guns; and the story, whether true or false, is very characteristic."

We all know how Macaulay delights in painting the portraits of statesmen—we think we must say, of corrupt statesmen. The age he has undertaken to paint was eminently the age of corruption; never before nor since has England had a race of men so wholly, and shamelessly, and shamefully bad in her Council Chambers. The men Macaulay has painted are many of them those whom Pope satirized; and in the measured march of our author's pages, in the terrible energy with which he lays his dreadful scourge of the half narrative, half satiric essay on their memory, we are reminded greatly of the manner of Pope. Our historian seems to love to

"Bare the base heart that lurks beneath a star."

Had he lived in Pope's day, we believe he would have said with him

"I own I'm proud; I must be proud to see
Those not afraid of God afraid of me."

Perhaps there is too much of the concentrated venom of his satires in these characterizations—he groups so bitterly, so intensely and remorselessly, all the worst particulars of a lifetime, and of a character. You see the black shadow so haunting the man, that you are often reminded of an anecdote of Lord Chesterfield Mr. Hannay has used with some skill, in his very interesting lectures on satire and satirists. The servant of Lord Chesterfield was once scolded by his master for bringing in a dirty plate; the fellow replied rather impudently, that everybody must eat a peck of dirt in this life. "Yes!" replied his lordship, "but not all at one meal, you dirty dog, not all at one meal." Lord Macaulay does gather all the little dirty particulars about a man together, on a single page all the dirt of a lifetime is there; one cannot but exclaim, "Not all the dirt at once, my lord, not all at once." We think, indeed, the race of statesmen was so thoroughly bad, that it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the vice and villany of most of those great actors. Many readers may possibly be surprised to find the disgraceful and debased depravity of some men, who have been the darlings of many generations; among others, the great Duke of Marlborough is made to sneak to and fro through these pages, with the stealthy step and the soiled garments of a double traitor, guilty of treason to James and blacker treason to William. His moral character is summed in a few sentences: "The loss of half-a-guinea would have done more to spoil his appetite and his slumbers than all the terrors of an evil conscience." Sunderland was another of

those State renegades, perpetually in the auction mart, waiting for the highest bidder—King James, or King William, or King Louis. Have you not his whole character, the character of that arch plotter, that engaging and apparent frankness, those courtly and most undissembling manners, when you are told, "His talents were not those of a public speaker, the art by which he surpassed all men was *the art of whispering*?"

There is one personage in his history, on whom Macaulay lingers with great affection, Halifax the Trimmer. We have little to urge against that illustrious nobleman; but we believe he reflects in a very eminent manner the character of the historian himself; it is very true, the man who conscientiously maintains his place in the temperate zone of politics and morals may be a most conscientious upright man in most of the relations of life and in his relations to government. It is not to be doubted that Halifax was perfectly conscientious; he adopted the epithet, the Trimmer, and published a tract in defence of the term full of beautiful and felicitous writing. Halifax occupied a very prominent and foremost position among the statesmen of his age, and his character stands among the highest; he was an eminently wary and cautious nobleman, he had more purpose in his character, and a greater disposition to a political career than Horace Walpole, but he belonged to the same order of mind also as that represented by Chesterfield, the mind that leans to epicurean indulgence. Such men have no conceptions of inflexible and eternal justice—they are exceedingly like Fielding's celebrated hero, the philosopher Square—captivated and led by the "eternal fitness of things," which eternal fitness usually signifies the comfortable side of life. There is a goodness of humour, and equanimity of temper, which compels them frequently to take part with the true; the beautiful and the good in them struggles against tyranny and oppression; but they are far removed from the grandeur of Roman virtue, and still farther from the sublimity of Christian principle; they have no passions to impel them, and their principles are measured by fitness and expediency, hence, you will seldom be far wrong in following them, if you measure your success by worldly considerations. These men step forward upon state occasions, and their known caution of character surrounds them with an immense *prestige*, there is no vulgar taint among them, there is no vulgar contact—earnestness they never felt, yet they absolutely mean well—they are not mere time-servers, although they allow their characters to be rounded and modified by the time; you may on the whole rely upon them, but never if you advance to the neighbourhood of extremes. You must not indeed expect a consistency shaped from the loftiest model, such a consistency would be incon-

sistent indeed with that character; they do not deal in convictions, but opinions, which are a very different thing, nor are they guided by conscientious scruples, for they cannot understand them, and they will sneer at yours; but unable morally to appreciate them, intellectually and civilly they will make an allowance for them. You find this character most in the parlours and drawing-rooms of easy country gentlemen; a large library in a shady park has a mighty tendency to produce this state of feeling; it is intense action, and a life passed in the neighbourhood of it, that arouses to strong and passionate emotion, and to high-hearted and high-minded resolve and principle, to sail upon a delightful stream of reading, to walk round the ancestral farms and halls, may widen the vision of the intellectual eye, they do not usually intensify the moral nature.

These were the men of all men, and men far worse than this type, by whom the great Revolution of 1688 was achieved—is it not amazing that such men should have achieved such a work? This Revolution was one of the most safe, remarkable, and important the history of the world has recorded. Macaulay's History is a peal of applause in its praise. That Revolution has been little understood. But we have approached more nearly to the comprehension of it lately. Charles James Fox, Sir James Macintosh, Amand Carrel, had left little for us to receive of actual impression from these pages. We know that that Revolution had reality in it—that it took place in harmony with prescription and law—that it was inevitable—that our fathers, who had achieved it, were thrown upon the first initial letters and principles of government. We know that that Revolution was founded on moral wants, and in the invasion of moral rights. We know that it settled and consolidated the power of the Commons, and limited and fenced in by the sacred bonds of law the prerogative of the Prince. We know that that Revolution was essentially Protestant, and that it was not only a magnificent stand for Civil Liberty, but a protest and an endorsement of Religious Freedom. We know that it chartered the power of the people. That it was very defective we know. That the men who accomplished it neither regarded it as perfect, nor aimed to make it so; but that it contained an elasticity and spring by which ever since that auspicious day when William landed at Torbay, and that other, when he received the crown from the hands of Halifax, our country has been increasing in freedom and intelligence, and in moral and material power,—this we know. But we marvel how it happened that these great and glorious things should be achieved by men among the most degraded and corrupt our country has ever known.

There are grave charges to be preferred against Macaulay, but we take one of the gravest to be, that he is in a most eminent degree the historian of success. Great men and successful men, these are the subjects of his history. It seems very plain that with him the dignity of history must not stoop from its lofty place to give any lengthened details of other characters than statesmen. He loves ever to look at literary men best in their relation to the State. It seems as though he could not look at a literary work or a literary man by the light of his own or its own character and genius; it is his political associations which make him interesting; none of his papers are literary alone; if he begins with literature he soon diverges into politics; in that field he is eminently at home, and he does not wish to return.

Lord Macaulay has passed away, leaving several matters of alleged injustice unchanged in his history. The Bishop of Exeter has one ground of quarrel with him, and Robert Chambers and all Scotchmen have another. We fear his prejudices, as a Whig of 1688, were bitter and partial in the extreme, and they will not serve the trustworthiness and the higher fame of his brilliant history. Mr. Hepworth Dixon, with some justice, tells against him the old anecdote of the juror in a court of law, who, when the counsel for the prosecution had finished his statement, said, "Now, I will call for the witnesses," exclaimed, "Look you; please you, we believe every word that you have said, and we do not want any witnesses." And Lord Macaulay seems to "believe every word he writes, and he don't want any witnesses."

Thus, we believe, his greatest historical heresy is, his treatment of William Penn. It is not only a literary peccadillo, it almost amounts to a moral crime. And when we read his pertinacious estimate of the great man, and remember the whole facts to which he refers, the reflection is forced upon us—this, then, is history! Against the clearest light, against facts most incontestable, he still persists in treating with contempt, which is not dignity, not only the memory of the illustrious founder of Pennsylvania, but the indisputable evidences to the veracity and honesty of his character. Penn's is a venerable name; it stands among the most beloved in the heroic records of our country. Well, he was a Quaker, which, with Lord Macaulay, since the Quakers defeated him in the Edinburgh election, was a crime; but he sacrificed a fortune and position in life, in order that he might faithfully fulfil his conceptions of duty. It is very true, as Macaulay says, he is a mythic character. And, for a long time in the New World, the children of Onas regarded him as their Apollo or Numa. His goodness, indeed, was the true complement of his greatness. Penn was so unfortunate as to be the

creditor and the ward of a bad and tyrannical king. Yet Penn's friendships were with Algernon Sydney and other noble, patriotic spirits of that stamp and build. He advised the king to steps which might have saved him from exile, and preserved to him his throne. The most serious charge preferred against Penn is one in which clearly, by a reference to the papers in the State Paper Office, should be preferred against a *Mr. George Penn*. But this, especially, leads to the suggestion whether the less noticeable facts in the history have been allowed to bear the colour of the same bitter, party prejudice.

We have, in this slight paper, perhaps renewed a few of the impressions which have frequently pressed and crowded through the reader's mind in the course of the perusal of the fascinating volumes. Certainly they occupy their own very distinct place in the galleries of our literature. We have no writing exactly like it. What an immense monarchy of books it represents! What an acquaintance with the details of things and events! These volumes are the poetry of the library—certainly their author was no man to live without books. He devoured them greedily, voraciously—not perhaps with the voracity, the omnivorousness of Southey, who was a literary Dragon of Wantley; but fastening on a book, and seeming to get the very one trifling fact for which the fates had preserved it to that hour. Some men read books as easily as an experienced hand shells oysters; and to continue the image, the truth is there are very few books whose shell does not outweigh their oyster; but your experienced book-worm easily gets his knife into them, quite as amazing to the uninitiated as the rapid work of experienced oyster opening. And so our author often seems instinctively to have noted the *one* fact the knowledge of which made the reading of the book at all desirable. And, to our writer, every book he read was a kind of bridge, over which he passed into the realms of enlarged and vividly realised fact. He was a "*helluo librorum*." This plainly we see. But it were better for us were he less *merely* this. We cannot say he adds to the stock of our ideas; he does not enlarge our conceptions; and indeed it is very necessary to remind the reader that he is not to expect any evidences of religious knowledge in this writer. The great religious actors of the world are regarded simply from their relation to the great painting in hand; they were there, and it was necessary that they should occupy their place on the canvas, and in the group, the historical *tableaux* would be incomplete without them; but for all the great rhapsodies of stormy passion, for the voices—unheard by others—which call, and for the shapes which—unseen by others—mysteriously beckon, we can very well feel that our writer had a

great contempt. When a man like Cromwell has so subjected his passions, although commanded by them, that they have elevated him to a place from whence he rules the canvas, he deserves a different mode of treatment. He is now to be spoken of as becomes the dignity of history; but for a George Fox, or St. Francis, he has neither sympathy nor honour. Macaulay's mind was so constituted that if you did not compel his attachment and sympathy as an artist, you were sure not to have it as a man. And in religion—we for our part are unable to perceive that there is anything more than a graceful and accommodating Deism; the special Providence which raises up great men, watches over them, gives them their commission, makes them heralds and missionaries, there is nothing of this in any line that our author has ever written. No awful worlds, no contending passions and powers beheld in their tempest and storm, are in these pages. Here is no prophecy—none of that poetry winged by magnificent impulse and emotion. How charming—how admirable—how well expressed—how happily put—how fine that diction—how graceful that compliment—how delightful that delineation—how bitter that paragraph—these are your criticisms. There is no blazing red-hot curse on the evil; there is no lofty and cheering hymn of rapture to encourage the good; we think these books are very Erastitian; they are epicurean and indifferent; whoever the writer may portray, whatever event he may describe, he never seems to rise above an interested spectator; he never loses himself in the scene; he is not one of the actors. But I must close. It would be interesting to compare our writer with that pillar of fiery cloud, Thomas Carlyle—with Michelet and Thierry, the great historians of the French school; with Schlegel and the great historians of the German school; with Prescott and Hallam, the historians of exact and balanced taste and judgment. But the mention of these names assure us how far he is *from* all, and how independent *of* all—removed equally from those who write history like a fanciful novel and those who write it like a psychological philosophy.

III.

A PART-VIEW OF SCOTTISH CLERICAL LIFE.*

AMONG much else, good and bad, there has lately dropped from the press a true gem of biography, beautiful, as a tribute of filial piety, and charming, as a piece of literary workmanship—the supplementary chapter to the life of John Brown, D.D., by his son John Brown, M.D. The author of the ‘*Horae Subsecivæ*,’ has wrought out of pure golden ore a setting of exquisite finish, in which to preserve and hand down to posterity the veritable *χαρακτηρ* (the exact impress and counterpart) of his honoured father.

The larger life by Dr. Cairns is every way worthy of his pen, admirably lucid, and full of interest to those whose sympathy lies within the circle of the events and the times; valuable for what it puts forth, and hardly less so for what it holds back. The faculty of wise reticence—latent power—is often as true a sign of inward strength as the faculty of construction and expression. Both are exercised to admirable purpose by Dr. Cairns. We shall make free use of the product of his labour, in the hasty and rude sketch which follows, only taking care not to endanger the philosophic repose of our readers, by plunging them head and ears into the mysteries of Scottish Calvinism, or into the smaller but as puzzling mysteries of Presbyterian schisms and sects.

And yet, the schisms and sects cannot be ignored, with justice to the task which we purpose to execute, in however imperfect a manner. They are difficult even of enumeration, they, at all events, defy *appreciation* by the Anglican type of mind—so minute are they, so fine and, sometimes, to all but the parties themselves, so utterly unimportant. But they are not without interest of a certain kind to the thoughtful student of history. They contain their lesson, not at all to be slighted by those who would understand the tendencies and laws, the normal and abnormal possibilities of their race. Were we to determine, in the light of Scottish religious history, the place which the human animal holds in the gradations of the species to which he belongs, one would be forced to put him in tribus “*pugnax*,” classis “*pugnacissimus*.” A talking, walking, somnolent, bibulant animal he has been called, but, of all things, he is a pugnacious animal. The bump of com-

* I. Memoir of John Brown, D.D., Edinburgh. By John Cairns, D.D., Berwick-on-Tweed.

II. Supplementary Chapter to the Life of John Brown, D.D. By John Brown, M.D., Edinburgh.

bativeness is found of extraordinary size on every human skull. It has sometimes been surmised—we hope without sufficient ground—that, in the head of a Scotsman, it reaches its largest development, and beyond all question, in the sphere of religion, the organ is excited to a clamorous, insatiable, restless, vexing, fretting, carking, cruel intensity of energy.

The lesson of the many, minute, Presbyterian schisms, among two or two-and-a-half millions of people, with unusually small scope for division, is a very significant one. Narrow the field as you may, let there be ever so wide and entire an agreement, and only the minutest space left where diversity of opinion can arise, it *shall* arise, nevertheless. The same spirit of contradiction shall break out, within the most contracted as within the most extended boundaries. There shall be the same lust of singularity, the same impatience of control, the same disposition to oppose authority and custom, the same proud self-assertion, almost self-isolation, the same excessive (miscalled) conscientiousness, which on the one side is superstition, and on the other side rises to the fury of fanaticism, the same tendency to question, and doubt, and analyse, and dispute, and dissect, and argue, for ever and ever, without end.

It is especially noteworthy, that the “*perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*” becomes “*ter-perfervidum*,” in theology. The Scotch disputant, with his Bible and his Confession of Faith and his Shorter Catechism under his arm, the fore-finger and thumb of one hand brought to a point on the palm of the other, will say, with a provoking look of fixed, dogged, pertinacity, “My friend, there is *one* point, you’ll observe, you have left out. It must not, cannot be left out. The whole argument turns on that very circumstance.” Thus will he go on, with his pointed fore-finger and thumb and his clear, keen, obstinate, perhaps conceited look, arguing and re-arguing, splitting very hairs, with an earnestness and a passion which could scarcely be greater, were the foundations of the universe endangered by another foul confederacy of devils. All the while, the matter in dispute may be of no sort of importance to man or God, so small as scarcely to be within the reach of human perception, or when with difficulty perceived, found to be no bigger than a pin-point.

An example may be taken from a very sacred region. In the record of the institution of the Lord’s Supper, it is given that “Jesus *took* bread, and *took* the cup, and blessed them.” Some Scottish clergymen in the dispensation of the Sacrament, adhering to the exact letter of the words in the New Testament, took up, *lifted* the bread in their hands, *lifted* also the cup, and replaced them on the table before offering the Consecration prayer. Others, imagining that as the bread and the cup were already before them,

it would be a mere idle formality to *lift* them, omitted this act, and simply offered the customary prayer. In this case, the disputants did not actually separate into distinct sects, but the conflict was a standing and a stern one for many years, and the parties were familiarly pointed out, with great favour or with deep dislike, as *lifters* and *anti-lifters*.

Another ludicrous instance may be cited. In the free Presbyterian Churches, the clergyman is chosen, or in the language of Scotland, is *called* by the members of the Church. Even under the law of patronage in the Church of Scotland, the form, though it can be only mere form, of a *call* by the heritors of the parish, or the heads of families is kept up. On a set day, one of the ministers of the Presbytery, within the bounds of which the vacant church is situated, presides at a meeting of the Church members, held for the election of a clergyman. The accepted phrase is, he *moderates* in a call to be given to so and so. The day of the meeting is styled the day of *moderation*; and on that day, the *moderation* is said to have taken place, and to have turned out in favour of so and so.

A question arose as to the propriety of announcing these *moderations* and their results in the public newspapers. It was carried on with passionate earnestness on both sides. It did not lead to an actual schism; it did not create two permanent separate sects; but the one party vehemently denounced the other as all but children of the wicked one, sons of Belial, who were mixing up sacred with secular things, and destroying the purity of the Christian Church. At length the weary quarrel was terminated by the authority of Scripture. A sage elder announced the important discovery that the Apostle Paul had decisively settled the disputed point. These were his words:—"Let *your moderation* be known unto all men." "How," the good man argued, triumphantly—"how could that be, unless it were put in the newspapers?"

It would be grossly in the face of the most serious facts, to assert that Scottish ecclesiastical separations have uniformly originated in distinctions of no importance. Far, very far is this from being the case. At the same time, it cannot be denied that the history of the country *does* leave the impression of excessive combativeness and pugnacity. There is an undoubted strong tendency in Scottish Presbyterians to make much of very little, to fly off, even with the violence of passion, from one another to the extent of handing each other over to the official custody of the devil, for reasons which, to ordinary apprehension, scarcely justify so frightful an extreme.

Episcopacy and Presbytery are so widely, if not irreconcilably, apart that it is not wonderful they should be entrenched,

each within a separate Church organisation. It is not surprising that Puritan Nonconformity should stand aloof from the Established Church of England. One might almost vindicate the schism between Pædo-baptists and Anti-pædo-baptists. But in Scotland, the ground is so exceedingly narrowed that separation, especially in the extent to which it has been carried, becomes something marvellous. With no very important exception, the country, including the great mass of the people and of the clergy, is Presbyterian. The Westminster Confession of Faith is the common creed. The ecclesiastical polity is the same. The Psalmody, the mode of worship, and the simple ritualism are the same. The Scotch Presbyterians seem to have almost everything in common—doctrine, discipline, worship, and rites. But the astounding fact, nevertheless, is that they have split and split again and again, and many times over.

How is it to be explained? Does it admit of reasonable interpretation? Let us look at the thing in an actual instance, perhaps it may uncoil itself, if we watch it narrowly.

No Englishman can be expected to understand the words Burgher and Anti-burgher, as the designation of two separate religious parties. On this side the Tweed, the words would inevitably connect themselves with *civil*, not *sacred* distinctions. But it fell out thus: About 130 years ago, a *secession* from the Established Church of Scotland took place. The Erskines and one or two other clergymen *seceded* from the National Establishment on the ground of error in doctrine, laxity of discipline, and the growing mischiefs of lay patronage, and commenced to form a separate Church, long distinguished as *The Secession*. But the seceders found that their new position was, or seemed to be, unpleasantly affected by the civil institutions of the country. The citizens of burgh towns were required to take an oath, of which *this* was among the obligations, "To support the Church of Scotland by law established." Some at once concluded that it would be perjury in them to take this oath, and that they could not become *burghers* on such terms. Others argued that the oath bound them to support the Church of Scotland, as *by law established*, but not as *then administered* by the ruling party in the Church courts. The latter believed that in perfect good faith the burghess-oath might be taken by them, and that therefore they could conscientiously continue or become burghers. Hence the peculiar distinctive designation of the two parties.

But how could such a point as this rend a Church into two conflicting sects? It was a mere difference of opinion as to the right interpretation of certain words, and might surely have been left to individual conscience and judgment. But no; neither party

would tolerate a different construction of an English sentence—involving no doctrine of theology and no law of morality—from that which they pronounced to be the correct one. They *must* divide, and they *did* divide within a few years of the first secession, and formed themselves into two distinct and bitterly-opposed Churches—Burghers and Anti-burghers. And only a few years later, these two Churches were again each subdivided upon a question, certainly of deeper importance, but of great subtlety, and so unlikely, at that time, ever to create any practical difficulty that it might well have been left as a matter of mutual forbearance—a question touching the power of the civil magistrates in the sphere of religion. It is most grateful to be able to record that, in the last generation, the tide has manifestly turned, and the spirit of division has been overborne by a deep-seated desire to unite. On the one hand, the Free Church has drawn unto itself several of the ministers and congregations belonging to the minor Presbyterian sects. On the other hand, for several years, the three larger and more influential bodies of separatists from the National Establishment have been amalgamated, and now form the United Presbyterian Church.

Of this United Church, the late Rev. Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, was a minister, and long held besides the office of one of its Professors of Theology—the exegesis of the New Testament being his special department. Few will be told for the first time that the Rev. Dr. Brown was a remarkable man, noteworthy anywhere and all wheres. He was distinguished by hereditary connexion with one of the most important religious movements in Scottish history; by a rare combination of powers, and rare industry in their cultivation; by personal influence, while he lived, unusually extended and of the highest kind; and by the production of works which, while of the greatest authority in the department to which they belong, are themselves a singular literary curiosity, having been issued to the number of eleven or twelve large octavo volumes, after he had passed the sixty-fifth year of his age. The death of such a man merits some reverent and admiring words, on this side the Tweed, as assuredly it will call forth similar utterances throughout the New World and in Germany, where Dr. Brown was well known to many of the masters of philology and of Biblical exegesis.

The public have lately been charmed, and with great good reason on many accounts, with the memoirs of a Scottish clergyman of the last century, dubbed by Sir Walter Scott Jupiter Carlyle, on account of his great stature and the massive symmetry of his person. Quite another type of character, a contrast in almost all respects, we have in the Scottish Professor of

Theology. Physically, mentally, and morally, personally and officially, the contrast is wide and striking. To descend even to the soubriquet, if the one was distinguished as Jupiter Carlyle, the other, with no less justice, might have been called Apollo Brown. He was a beautiful man. His stature, his form, his face, indicated anything but weakness; on the contrary, they gave the distinct impression of intellectual and moral energy. But he was a beautiful being. The present writer, for himself, never beheld so singularly, exquisitely beautiful an *old man*. And his life was like himself, a beautiful life. But it was strong as beautiful, full of sturdy, hardy, brave deeds, persistent and patient, sustained and braced from within, by faith in itself, in its own aims, and ends, and destiny. Withal, it was mellowed and beautified by quiet, steady, uniform consistency; by fidelity alike to its human and its divine relations, and by a certain pensive softness, difficult to describe. It was a *trusted* life. You could depend upon it, knew where it was, and where it certainly would be found, under any given circumstances. It was an honour to humanity, and to the great, undying principles on which it was based, and out of which it had grown. It was fully recognized during its course; yet more was it recognized when that course had terminated. Edinburgh is not London; but Edinburgh is the capital of the north, large and populous even among capital cities. On the day of Dr. Brown's funeral, in the entire line of streets through which the cortége passed, from the southern to the northern extremity, the shops were closed, and business in part suspended.

Dr. Brown, like all whose lives have been good for much, except preaching savoury sermons to sentimental spinsters and comforting gouty old gentlemen in easy chairs, or in softly-cushioned carriages, was early a sufferer. The discipline may be varied endlessly. It may be chiefly or wholly the horror and agony of great mental darkness, perpetuated through years of inward conflict, and doubt, and fear. Or it may be the sudden fall, and the long crushing burden of outward calamity; but the sore discipline is ever a *necessity* of real greatness. No true, brave life on earth, no life of high daring and of heroic victories, ever yet escaped the severe and sharp ordeal of suffering. Dr. Brown was early a sufferer, a great sufferer, and his whole life was touched and deeply tinged throughout by a great, early sorrow. The delight of his eyes was torn from him, after but a few short years of wedded peace and joy; even before this, as a child of eleven years of age, his soul had been *prepared* to be toned to pensiveness and silent musing. He lost his mother; he was constantly with her in her last illness, and seems to have been her favourite child.

"There must have been," says his son, "something very delicate, and close, and exquisite, in the relation between the ailing, silent, beautiful mother, and that dark-eyed, dark-haired, bright and silent son—a sort of communion it is not easy to express. You can think of him sitting by the bedside, while the rest were out and shouting, playing at hide-and-seek round the little church, with the winds from Ben Lomond, or the wild uplands of Ayrshire, blowing through their hair. He played seldom with them, but when he did run out, he jumped higher and farther, and ran faster than any of them. His peculiar beauty must have come from his mother. . . . His time with his mother, and the necessary confinement and bodily depression caused by it, I doubt not, deepened his native thoughtful turn, and his tendency to meditative melancholy."*

But the death of his youthful wife was the blow which struck him utterly down, and changed his whole life; so that ever after he was a totally different being. "The manse became silent," to quote again the son's words, "we lived, and slept, and played under the shadow of death, and we saw or rather felt that he was another father than before. No more happy laughter from the two in the parlour, as he was reading Larry, the Irish post-boy's letter, in Miss Edgeworth's tale, or the last Waverly novel; no more visitings in a cart with her, he riding beside us on his white thorough-bred pony. He went among his people as usual, when they were ill; he preached better than ever—they were sometimes frightened to think how wonderfully he preached—but the sunshine was over, the joy of young life and mutual love. He was little with *us*, and the house was still."†

For long, long years, the young widower's heart was in the grave of his youthful wife; and his was a *genuine* widowhood, so true and holy. The writer can well remember, after ten or twelve years had elapsed, how in the minds of the common people it was hedged round with a sanctity, a divinity of its own. No one dared to profane it; and on account of it, Dr. Brown was loved with a very reverent love by multitudes who had never spoken to him. Like all human things, this great sorrow, in effect, had its evil as well as its good side. The sufferer turned away, in a sort, from human companionship and sympathy. "His entire nature had got a shock, and his blood was drawn inwards, but fuel was heaped all the more on the inner fires." He became, and ever afterwards continued, a comparatively retired, reserved, self-contained, self-sufficing man; occasional beamings of genealogy and

* Supplementary Chapter, pp. 26, 27. † *Ibid*, p. 12.

of brilliancy might flash out, but they were rare ; genuine kindliness lay deep underneath, but it rarely came up in expression.

It was *the* fault of his life, though so well accounted for by its sacred cause. It was a real and cruel injury to his own nature, which wanted, *must* have often longed and clamoured for, this relief. And it was a heavy loss to those with whom he associated. Rarely, if ever, could he thoroughly unbosom and abandon himself, and let out freely, heedlessly, trustingly, all that was in him. He was not communicative, not talkative, save in a didactic colloquy, when he had it all, or chiefly, to himself. He *could* talk and *did*, clearly, admirably, to his students, for example, or to any who sought his opinion ; but it was as a hen breaking down a large piece in her beak into little morsels, and scattering them to her chickens whom she was feeding ; this done, there was an end of it. On his part, conversation consisted of formal, correct, very lucid sentences, expressing his judgment, always well weighed, on some book, or subject, but these uttered, there often followed an awkward, painful pause. The uninterrupted, spontaneous, hearty, easy, free flow of thought and feeling, of sense or nonsense, of seriousness or of humour, and fun and glee, just at it might happen, was not for him at all. He could not, or rarely, in this way unbend. A generous, loving human heart beat in his bosom, but it had been early checked, and stunned, and chilled, and rarely afterwards was ever let out. He was not cold—the very opposite—his face ever bespoke a pensive warmth, but his manner was formal and too conscious. Even to his own children, Dr. Brown, except at rare intervals, was guarded and hedged round, held back and shut up within himself. Referring to a special occasion, when, owing to circumstances, the father's whole heart and soul were beautifully opened, his son says,—“ Such a thing only occurred to me once or twice all my life ; and then when we were home, he was silent, shut up, self-contained as before. He was himself conscious of this habit of reticence, and what may be called *selfism* to us, his children, and lamented it. I remember his saying, in a sort of mournful joke, ‘ I have a well of love, I know I have, but it is a *well*, and a *draw*-well, to your sorrow and *mine*, and it seldom overflows ; but’—looking with that strange power of tenderness, as if he put his voice and his heart into his eyes,—‘ you may always come hither to draw.’ He used to say, he might take to himself Wordsworth's lines :—

‘ I am not one who much or oft delights
To season my fireside with personal talk.’

And changing ‘ *though* ’ into ‘ *if* ’—

'A well of love, it may be deep—
I trust it is—and never dry;
What matter, though its waters sleep
In silence and obscurity.'

The expression of his affection was more like the shock of a Leyden jar than the continuous current of a galvanic circle."*

In such a life, and just on this account, there must have been less than usual of the social, common, human element. Carlyle, the Jupiter Carlyle of Sir Walter Scott, was a cultivated man of the world—a parish clergyman, it is true, but this was rather an accident of his earthly lot, than the centre around which his whole being revolved, and which was the grand formative force within that being. To get to know *him*, we must follow him into the most various society, sit with him at the dinner table, pass into the drawing-room, drop occasionally into the theatre, or the opera, accompany him in his journies to London or to the continent, look into his connexion with political or ecclesiastical parties, examine his large and various correspondence, and overhear his conversations with Hume, and Adam Smith, and Smollett, and Robertson, and Blair.

Quite on the other hand, Dr. Brown was *the* clergyman, a cultivated, accomplished, well-bred gentleman, it is true, but *the* clergyman, only or chiefly the clergyman—withal unusually retired and self-contained. In order to be really acquainted with *him*, to know *his* inner self, the *real* life, with its aims and purposes, and accomplishments, which he lived among men, we must see him, not in society, not even in his family, but chiefly in his study, with his books and his work. Much as he loved and relished occasional society, his chosen delight was to be alone, where, undisturbed, he could meditate and frame short, pithy, lucid sentences, which were his peculiar luxury, and where he got, as he wanted, no reply. In *his study*, we repeat, we must see him, if we would really know him, or, if elsewhere, then in his church, and in his pulpit, or at the farthest, in his pastoral visitations, at the meetings of Presbytery and of Synod, and in the Professorial chair of the Theological Hall, among his students.

Nevertheless, there are some delicious openings *from the human side*, into this so often shut-up nature. Dr. Brown was naturally exceedingly excitable, needed and relished excitement, and the more intense the better. He found it in, amongst other things, his son says, "imaginative literature, and in fiction. In the highest kind of poetry he enjoyed the sweet pain of tears, and all his life

* Supplementary Chapter, pp. 40, 41.

he had a steady liking, even a hunger, for a good novel. This refreshed, lightened, and diverted his mind from the strain of his excessive exegesis." It may not be without happy effect, in certain quarters, to know that a man of so great learning, and of fervent, evangelical piety, used always to say, "that Sir Walter Scott and Goldsmith, and even Fielding, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austin, and Miss Ferrier, were true benefactors to the race, by giving such genuine, such secure, and innocent pleasure, and he often repeated with admiration Lord Jeffery's words on Scott, inscribed on his monument." "But the exercise and the excitement he most of all others delighted in, was riding, and had he been a country gentleman, and not a clergyman, I don't think he could have resisted fox-hunting. With the exception of that great genius in more than horsemanship, Andrew Ducrow, I never saw a man sit a horse as he did. He seemed inspired, gay, erect, full of the joy of life, fearless, and secure." "He was known all over the Upper Ward, and down Tweeddale, for his riding." "He had generally well-bred horses, or, as I would now call them, ponies; if he had not, his sufferings from a dull, hard-mouthed, heavy hearted and footed plebeian horse, were almost comic. On his grey mare, or his little blood bay horse, to see him setting off and indulging it and himself in some alarming gambols, made one think of 'young Harry with his beaver up.'" "The grey mare he had for many years. I can remember her small head and large eyes, her neat, compact body, round as a barrel—her finely, flea-bitten skin, and her thoroughbred legs. I have no doubt she had Arabian blood. My father's pride in her was quite curious. Many a wild ride to and from the Presbytery at Lanark, and across flooded and shifting fords, he had on her. She was as sweet-tempered and enduring as she was swift and sure, and her powers of running were appreciated and applied in a way which made him both angry and amused, but which he never discovered till it was too late." "It was whispered she had once won a whip at Lanark races. They still tell of his feats on this fine creature, one of which he himself never alluded to without a feeling of shame. He had an engagement to preach somewhere beyond the Clyde, on a Sabbath evening, and his excellent and attached friend and elder, Mr. Kello, of Lindsay-lands, accompanied him on his big plough-horse. The service was to be in the open air, on the river side. When they got to the Clyde, they found it in full flood, heavy and sudden rains at the head of the water having brought it down in a wild *spate*. On the opposite side were the gathered people and the tent. Before Mr. Kello knew where he was, the minister on the earth was swimming across, and carried down in a long diagonal

line, the people looking on in terror. He landed, shook himself, and preached with his usual fervour.”*

Certainly this was as informal, almost uncivilized, a mode of conducting sacred functions as can well be imagined. The utter absence of *the clerical proprieties*, at least in outward seeming, if we may so speak, will perhaps jar harshly on those whose experience belongs to the present day, and to the large cities or towns of England. Perhaps, for their sakes, another fact of the same order, but still more revolting to notional sensibilities, ought not to be introduced. But, be it remembered, it dates back nearly sixty years ago, to the very commencement of Dr. Brown's ministry, and it belongs to *Scotland* sixty years ago, and to the secluded country districts of Scotland, then almost completely shut out from communication with the great world. Referring to Dr. Brown's first public appearances as a clergyman, an eye-witness writes: “He was tall, too tall for the pulpit, and in singular contrast to the clerical costume of the present day, he was dressed in light-coloured corded knee-breeches and Hessian boots, the Geneva gown and bands being unknown in *the Secession* and even the black coat not universal. His appearance was prepossessing; he was in the bloom of youth; his locks bushy and black as a raven, and I need not say that his eye was intelligent and lively. When he began the service his manner and tone were striking and solemn, and though at that time he stood as still as a statue, yet from the depth and appropriateness of his illustrations, he was very impressive.”*

In what *now* seems so strange to us, Dr. Brown was only conforming to his age, not offending it. The age changed, and with it Dr. Brown, for the last thirty or forty years of his life was more obedient than most men to all the becoming conventionalisms, as these are now universally understood. But we do not say that in thought and in heart he did not often go back—we believe he *did*, and with great delight—to the less refined and more freshening experiences of his early ministry. Especially did he recall some of the hallowed scenes—the sacramental occasions amongst others—of his boyhood, in connection with his father's church at Longridge, a wild and lonely spot, but very sacred by association to him. Burns' “Holy Fair” is a wicked and vile burlesque of the Scottish communion Sabbath. Unhappily there *was* truth in it, too much truth indeed, but there was another side of the picture, a truer and a better side.

Amongst the holiest recollections of Dr. Brown's youth was

* Supplementary Chapter, pp. 31—36.

* Dr. Cairns' Memoir, p. 53.

“the excitement connected in those days with the observance of the Lord’s Supper. The moorland solitude was then enlivened by immense crowds of worshippers, flocking under the summer’s sun from all quarters, and ascending the *ridge* where the sanctuary stood, as on Mount Zion, while within its walls, or beneath a tent erected outside, some of the saintly men of a former generation addressed the multitude. From scenes like these John Brown of Haddington (the grandfather) had disappeared, but the blank was filled up by his second son, the Rev. Ebenezer Brown of Inverkeithing, a man whose natural eloquence, loveliness of character, and heavenliness of mind are still fondly remembered by a wide circle. His open-air discourses fell on the ear, in the stillness of a communion eve, like the finest music; and his conversation in private, which had an equal charm, must have left deep traces for good on the youthful Longridge family.”*

Dr. Brown’s first ministerial charge was in Biggar, “a small town in the upper ward of Lanarkshire, on the high road from Edinburgh to Moffat and Dumfries, being distant from the capital about twenty-eight miles. The traveller who pursues this route gradually rises, through a succession of valleys and moors, till he finds himself face to face with the central chain of hills which guard the sources of the Clyde and Tweed, and send down their outposts to the plain. The most conspicuous of these is Tinto, on the west, rising with ruddy summit to the height of more than 2,000 feet, and washed by the infant Clyde; while the chain, throwing up other peaks as it stretches eastward, joins at last the greener slopes that overhang the Tweed. It is the dividing ridge of Scotland in that part, for the waters of the Clyde, when swollen, find a passage near Biggar to the Tweed; and the eye takes in from the summit of Tinto, on a clear day, the crag of Ailsa in the western firth, and the Bass rock in the German Ocean. In the long and narrow strath or valley, stretching from east to west, which the traveller crosses to enter the gorge of the hills, but nearer its eastern extremity, lies the town of Biggar. It consists chiefly of one wide street, with something of a grey and ancient look, which harmonizes well with its retired situation. The gigantic mass of Tinto rises on its western side; and, though five miles distant, seems almost to bound the street and to cover the place with its shadow. The little town is a picturesque feature in the midst of moorland, and meadow, and stream, and of the silent hills which enclose it on every side. The population is now upwards of 2,000; and modern improvements have somewhat changed the face of the town, as well as of the surrounding

* Dr. Cairns’ Memoir, p. 20.

country. But neither the increase of cultivated fields and thriving plantations, nor the stir and movement connected with the proximity of a railway, have effaced the pastoral wildness and seclusion impressed by the hand of nature. The place has only the resources of a small agricultural capital, formerly increased by weaving for houses in Glasgow ; but a look of quiet comfort pervades it not always found in more fertile and opulent districts. If we suppose the country unclothed of the richer features given by draining, by planting, and by the preponderance of the agricultural over the pastoral element, and the population not only somewhat diminished in numbers but cut off almost entirely from the great world, and thrown upon their own solitary reading and reflection, we shall have a picture of Biggar and the surrounding locality as it was more than fifty years ago, when Mr. Brown began his labours.*

Such was the place where Dr. Brown commenced his public course, and where he had his share of life, and labour, and *suffering*, for sixteen years. The suffering through which he passed had no little to do with the patient labour to which he devoted himself. We shall, by-and-bye, have the testimony of his son, that the methodical and continuous pursuit of his exegetical studies dates from the dark hour of his early bereavement. Overwhelmed by the desolating blow, driven in on himself, wounded permanently in his social affections, pensive, and reserved, he deliberately chose the course of hard, solitary study—but study in the line of his profession, to which the piety of his heart attracted him almost more than the structure and tendencies of his mental constitution.

These years of sorrow and of hard toil were full of blessing, to an indefinite amount, for his whole future life. In them, the foundations were laid of all that he afterwards became. In them, the preliminary processes were gone through, the many tedious preparatory labours were conducted, on the basis of which were to rest—as they did firmly rest—his power and wide usefulness as a preacher of Christian truth ; his influence on the rising ministry, as a theological professor ; and his acceptance with the general public, through his writings, as an expositor of holy Scripture. In these years, as through life, Dr. Brown was not forgetful of the claims of general literature ; but the bent of his mind, and the call of his profession, alike impelled him to select, as his chief study, the interpretation, critical and exact, of the sacred writings. To this high purpose, his time, his powers, and his deepest sympathies and solitudes, were consecrated. Under

* Dr. Cairns' Memoir, pp. 56—58.

a profound sense of duty to his master, and from a lofty aim to serve his generation, he gave himself laboriously and perseveringly to the study and the practice of biblical exegesis. All on which he could lay his hand that bore upon his chosen purpose, whether ancient or modern, Greek, Latin, French, or English, was eagerly and faithfully examined. Year by year, he was storing, enriching, and strengthening his mind, deepening a sacred taste, and disciplining his powers for efforts which he was designed ere long to put forth.

There was very much to favour, in certain aspects, the studious tastes and habits of the young minister. The seclusion, and yet wildness and beauty of the place, the exceeding quiet of a country village, and the complete immunity from interruption, save from the proper calls of his pastoral office, easily met in a small and peaceful charge, these and others were rare and great advantages.

Young ministers stationed for a few years in retired country charges enjoy an opportunity hardly to be over-estimated for furnishing, training, and bracing their minds, which it is not only a crime against God, but the cruellest injury to themselves to let slip. Young ministers, wherever situated, in country or town, cannot be warned too often or too urgently that incalculable importance attaches to the manner in which they *use* their first few years. The loss of these, for higher ends, is ill compensated by a mere fatal facility in extemporaneous speaking, by premature influence on committees, or at public meetings, or by desultory and hap-hazard reading, however extended. These years are the *special*, almost the only available season for gathering and laying in stores of solid knowledge, for opening wide, yet regulating and wisely supplying the mental appetites, for creating or confirming the taste for hard study, and for forming habits of patient inquiry and of lofty and severe thinking. These years are the true spring-time of their lives, when *the spring work* must be done, if it is ever done at all; the time for ploughing, and harrowing, and cleaning, and preparing the ground, and casting with a free hand the imperishable seed, if a harvest is ever to be reaped that shall be worth anything to themselves, or to the world. Dr. Brown was not an exception, but an example. In his case (as in most cases) it was in quiet retirement, in the conscientious and laborious studies of the first few years of his course, that he laid securely the foundations of an enviable fame and of a widely-extended usefulness.

From Biggar Dr. Brown was transferred to Edinburgh, and in Edinburgh the last thirty-six years of his life were spent, as the minister first of Rose Street and then of Broughton Place, and, for a quarter of a century, as one of the Professors of Theology of the United Presbyterian Church.

When he entered upon his new charge, "his ministry underwent little change in its features, except for the impulse which came from a large and eager congregation. His train of exposition hardly grew more elaborate, nor did his exhibitions of the Gospel take more of a philosophical colouring than they had possessed from the beginning. The only aspect of novelty was the preponderance of discourses of a stern and awakening character, addressed with passionate earnestness, and delivered in the highest style of physical energy. His vehemence was hardly less than that of Dr. Chalmers himself in these moments of excitement; and his appeals, seconded by the glance of the eye and the stamp of the foot, seemed to shake not only the auditory but the very building in which they were uttered. The elements of instruction and discussion, however, maintained their place; and some of his most valued courses of sermons and lectures partook most of these qualities. In particular, a monthly course of Lord's-day evening lectures on the history of the Jews was attended by such crowds that the preacher could hardly find his way to the pulpit. Men of letters, such as Henry Mackenzie, author of the 'Man of Feeling,' were found amongst his occasional hearers; and, amongst the ranks of military and professional men, not a few gathered around him, as they found *his* manner of handling the Bible, and deducing its lessons, solve their doubts and open the path to spiritual Christianity. At the same time, the common people heard him not less gladly; and touching instances have come to light of serious impressions being made on the minds of domestic servants and others in the humblest stations who waited on his ministry."*

It would extend unreasonably this hasty sketch, were we to survey Dr. Brown's course, as a public man and a citizen of Edinburgh, during six-and-thirty years. On all occasions he showed the deepest attachment to advanced liberal views, as well on the political as on the ecclesiastical side; a man, also, of great decision, who would not shrink from stern sacrifice, when he deemed the sacrifice essential to fidelity to his principles. At the same time, he was distinguished by a very wide and free catholicity of spirit—eager to promote the union of at least all the orthodox sections of Christianity. The Voluntary Controversy, the Annuity Tax, the Atonement Controversy, including the direct charge against himself, the Union of Burghers and Anti-burghers, and of both with the Relief Synod, the Evangelical Alliance, are the symbols of events and agencies with which his name was deeply and always honourably and consistently connected.

* Dr. Cairns' Memoirs, pp. 102—103.

In the character of a professor of biblical exegesis, and as the author of some of the most valuable expository works of their kind which have yet appeared, we are able to reach the very centre of his mind—what Dr. Cairns fitly calls, the *key-note* of his whole system and method of interpretation. It is supplied by two quotations which he very often repeated to his students and appropriated as expressing his most settled conviction. The one is from Melanethon, “Scriptura not potest intelligi theologicæ, nisi antea intellecta sit, grammaticæ.” The other is from Ernesti, “Interpretationem librorum sacrarum esse summum idemque difficillimum Theologi munus, ipsa res, et ratio et usus et omnium meliorum seculorum consensus docet. Nam omnes certa veritatis divinæ et scientia et defensio, e sacrarum literarum intelligentia et accurata interpretatione ducitur: et cum interpretandarum literarum sacrarum studio, et lapsa, et restituta est, religionis Christianæ puritas.”*

With great diffidence, we presume to differ from Dr. Brown in his estimate of these weighty sentences, and, indeed, to a certain extent, from the exegetical school which he may be said to have founded in Scotland. The application of scientific criticism to the sacred writings is not the question. Without doubt the principles of a true philology, the laws of language and of thought, the legitimate canons of interpretation, have as much to do with the Old and New Testaments, as with any other writings whatsoever. But it may be questioned whether they *only*, whether even they *chiefly* have to do with the interpretation of language, inspired or uninspired, as the symbol of thought and feeling. Grammar and its cognate subjects are well in their own place, are, first of all, *essential*, but they are not every thing. Dr. Ullman, of Carlsruhe, in his “*Historic or Mythic*,”† introduces an illustration, entirely applicable, we imagine, to the present case, though by no means so applied by him. The illustration amounts to this: A botanist shall dissect a flower, and when the process is completed, he shall have vegetable sap, woody fibre, &c., &c., but a flower no longer. To appreciate *this*, to understand the organic unity, is very different from being able to analyse the parts. There is needed a power which can grasp *the whole*, and take in *the idea* and *the feeling* of it. In like manner, you shall take a sentence to pieces, shall understand each word, shall comprehend the structure and construction, shall thoroughly see through the grammar and the syntax; but *the idea*, as a whole, may escape; by the very process which has been adopted it shall the more

* Dr. Cairns' Memoirs, p. 279.

† Not having the book at hand, we quote from memory.

readily escape. The critical, the logical faculty, in this view, is not the highest, but the lowest, though essential. There is needed an eye within for discerning what no grammatical or exegetical skill can lay hold of. Life can be perceived and felt only by life—that which is spiritual and divine does not come into us only through grammar, but needs insight from assimilation. Like to like is the law here, as elsewhere. The interpreter, of all things, needs an awakened and quickened power *of soul*, a strong faculty of mental insight; this is liable to be endangered by the study of exegetics.

All honour, nevertheless, to the honesty, the laboriousness, and the lofty enthusiasm of Dr. Brown, and to his extraordinary learning, in the department to which he had consecrated himself!

Dr. Cairns thus writes, in terms which, though he applies them to his academical prelections and labours, bear as truly and in all their force, upon his published expository works. "These qualifications," he says, "were of the highest order. As he had recognized the fundamental importance of this study (exegesis) when it was almost universally neglected in Scotland, and was the first to revive it from the chair, so he at once lifted it to an elevation which recalled the best times and productions of sacred literature. His learning was great and varied. He had bestowed deep attention on the sacred tongues in which Scripture is written. He modestly disclaimed, especially in regard to Hebrew, the title of learning in the sense in which a lexicographer or a minute grammarian is learned; but in that language he was much at home, and he read Greek quite familiarly, being particularly conversant with the idiom of the New Testament. His learning more than sufficed for the decision of all critical questions, on the ground of independent and original investigation, and more especially by the comparison of Scripture with Scripture, while he had studied much the writers who illustrate the New Testament, from the Septuagint, from Josephus, Plato, and the classics. He had the principal editions of the Hebrew Bible and Greek Testament in his library, the latter of which he had begun to collect from the time he was fourteen years of age, till ultimately the series embraced about a hundred—from Erasmus to Tischendorf—including some of the very rarest, and not less than fourteen before the received or Elzevir text of 1624. With versions ancient and modern he was also largely supplied; and had a most accurate acquaintance with the English Bible. It was, however, in the department of annotations, scholia, and commentaries of the original Scriptures that his learning was vast and even boundless. The exegetical treatises of the Greek and Latin fathers, and of the schoolmen and later Romish authors, he knew as well as any

one who has not made them a special study ; while he had completely mastered the great commentaries of the Reformation-period, with those produced by all the succeeding diversities of Protestantism, from Cocceius and Owen to Grotius and the Polish brethren. He had looked into most works of interpretation that had appeared either in the Church of England or among Non-conformists ; and probably no Scottish work of the least note had escaped him, his knowledge of this region, descending even to the worthless and the inane. His thorough acquaintance with German commentary, much to his regret, was limited by his imperfect mastery of that language ; but he was intimately conversant with its elder results, as contained in the Latin works of Ernesti, Morus, Knapp, Storr, and others. He also collected and studied all its recent productions, whether in volumes or fugitive academic theses, that still appear in Latin, and not less the master-pieces that have been made into English : so that he probably knew more of German exegesis than many who have had full access to its sources. His familiarity with works of exposition was assisted by a study only less copious and extensive of systematic theology, history of doctrines, church history, and classical and miscellaneous literature, all of which was made to revolve around Scripture interpretation, and to supply it with helps and illustrations. Dr. Brown's library contained several thousand volumes ; and its value was above all proportion to its size, not only in rare books, but in carefully-selected series and classes of authors. With all its contents, however, he declared himself, on inquiry, to be so well acquainted, that he could give some account of every work, in particular ; and when, on one occasion, a friend seeing a somewhat formidable list of expository works referred to in one of his publications, said, "All these I suppose you have occasionally consulted ?" his reply was, "Sir, I have read every word of them that has the least leading on the issue of Scripture."

"This mass of learning Dr. Brown had not only digested, but used with entire subordination to an independent and penetrating judgment, in all matters of criticism and interpretation. He illustrated by contrast the quaint saying of Robert Hall : 'Some men put so many books on their heads, that their brains cannot move ;' for all that he read supplied impulse to the analytical processes of reflection on the sense of Scripture which were perpetually going on in the inner chamber of his mind." "His one great principle was to abide by the true sense of Scripture, and by that alone. The strenuous and incessant reiteration of this, and the tenacity of purpose with which, in all his prelections (as in his published works), the very sense of Scripture was searched out, tended

powerfully to develop in his students (1,000 passed under his teaching during his professorship) an exegetical conscience, and to give a more simple and biblical cast to the theology of the denominations."* This long quotation has been introduced *with a purpose*—that our readers may distinctly know it is no mere average man, no soul of common mould, to whose course and work they have been directed. He was, all in all, an extraordinary man—a man of rare learning, rare power, rare success, and rare worth, within the sphere of his profession.

But enough! save as relates to the "Supplementary Chapter," by Dr. John Brown. Without exception, short as it is, this is one of the most striking and touching pieces of biography ever written—so simple, so honest, so thoroughly downright, and so curiously, keenly graphic. No one who has read the "*Horæ Subsecivæ*," no one who knows the story of "Rab and his Friends," need be told that *this* is true to nature. It is livingly, thrillingly, almost painfully true to nature. It is itself life. It literally quivers and throbs with vitality. It is a true little gem of its kind—a model in conception and in execution. Indeed, it seems hardly allowable to speak either of its conception or its execution in the ordinary sense. It is almost degrading it to call it a literary creation. It is *no* literary creation. It is *soul* all over—a pure, unmixed, spontaneous efflux from the soul. Not a bit of pretence is there in it, not a bit of affectation, not a bit, almost, of conscious construction. It is rather a free, native, as if unpremeditated, product, bursting forth from within, which the profane hand of art has not been suffered to touch and spoil. The writer has not so much pre-designed anything, as simply put down what he could not help putting down. But it is beautiful and beautifully touching, going straight to the quick of one's heart. It is short, too short—you think it *might* have been, you feel it *ought* to have been, ever so much longer; but, as it is, it is a lovely and living transparency.

I know not if John Brown be at all a Swedenborgian; but it seems to me as if, with his exquisite anatomical skill, he had been able to descend and dissect through the series of grosser bodies which Swedenborgians maintain we have—the fleshy, the osseous, the vascular, the nerve-bodies—till he had reached the very spirit-body itself; the last, mystic, imperceptible, spiritual *form*, in which the soul hides itself, and through which, as a thin gauzy veil, it is seen, almost unclothed. And the marvel is, that all the while, in doing this, he as thoroughly reveals his own deepest secrets, as those of the direct subject of his analysis. Not only are his words

* Dr. Cairns' Memoir, pp. 153—156.

a pure transparency, through which you see his thought, but his thought or his feeling is itself a transparency, behind and through which you see himself—the thinking, feeling soul of him.

Take that first, heart-breaking record of his mother's death. Those who are familiar with Scotland know that among the Free Presbyterian churches, even in *small* country towns, the minister's manse is, for the most part, a large, comfortable, respectable house. But *one* servant suffices, if the family be small, unless the minister has other means than his stipend. *The* servant's bed is always *in*, or rather *off*, the kitchen—a large recess, with room enough for a large-sized bed. As a rule, one or it may be two of the children sleep with *the servant*, that they may be cared for in the night, till they are seven or eight years of age, and can have a bed and a room to themselves. Here is a life-picture:—"On the morning of the 28th of May, 1816, my eldest sister Janet and I"—they were under five years old—"were sleeping in the kitchen-bed with Tibbie Meek, our only servant. We were all three awakened by a cry of pain—sharp, insufferable, as if one were stung. Years after we two confided to each other, sitting by the burn-side, that we thought that 'great cry,' which arose at midnight in Egypt, must have been like it. We all knew whose voice it was, and in our night-clothes we ran into the passage and into the little parlour, to the left-hand, in which was a closet-bed. We found my father standing before us, erect, his hands clenched in his black hair, his eyes full of misery and amazement, his face as white as that of the dead. He frightened us. He saw this, or else his intense will had mastered his agony, for, taking his hands from his head, he said, *slowly and gently*, 'Let us give thanks,' and turned to a little sofa in the room. There lay our mother, dead."*

In reference to *this* scene the writer says:—"My first recollection of my father, my first impression, not only of his character, but of his eyes and face and presence, strange as it may seem, dates from my fifth year. Doubtless I had looked at him often enough before that, and had my own childish thoughts about him. But this was the time when I got my fixed, compact idea of him, and the first look of him, which I felt could never be forgotten. I saw him, as it were, by a flash of lightning, sudden and complete."† The marvel is not that a child under five years of age, having seen that scene and heard that cry at midnight, recollected it long afterwards; but that such a child should have thought of it and reasoned on it, and *at the time* should have built

* Supplementary Chapter, p. 6. † *Ibid*, p. 7.

up out of it an idea—such an idea—of his father enduring the keenest mental anguish, yet, by an effort of will, sinking down humbly to give God thanks because “*her* warfare was accomplished, *her* iniquities were pardoned.” That early, keen, profound *insight*, is the marvel—not the faculty of mere observation, but the premature power of *seeing into* a thing; *discerning*, quick and sure, what it involves, and how it bears, and what it is all worth.

That sofa, on which the dead mother lay! “This sofa,” he says, “which was henceforward sacred in the house, my father had always beside him; he used to tell us he set *her* down on it, when he first brought her home to the manse.”* Another little touch of nature; in the room which was his father’s study, “on a low chest of drawers, there lay for many years my mother’s parasol, by his orders.”† Yet another; at country funerals in Scotland, while the immediate family may be in mourning coaches, many who follow the coffin, coming from a distance, are on horseback. The funeral procession is on its way to the church-yard; “when we got to the village, all the people were at their doors. One woman, the blacksmith, Thomas Spence’s wife, had a nursing baby in her arms, and he leapt and crowed with joy at the strange sight, the crowding horsemen, the coaches and the nodding plumes of the hearse. It was my brother William,”—the now motherless babe—“Margaret Spence was his foster-mother. Those with me were overcome at the sight; he, of all the world, whose, in some ways, was the greatest loss, the least conscious, turning it to his own childish glee.”‡ And this was *seen into*, felt, and never forgotten by a child under five years of age. Yet another; “I had been since the death in a sort of stupid musing and wonder, not making out what it all meant. I knew that my mother was said to be dead. I saw she was still, laid out, and then shut up and didn’t move, but I did not know that when she was carried out in that long, black box, and we all went with her, she alone was never to return. . . . To my surprise and alarm”—the procession had reached the grave—“the coffin resting on its bearers, was placed over that dark hole, and I watched with curious eye the unrolling of those neat black bunches of cords, which I have often enough seen since.”—This is peculiar to Scotland; the relatives take hold of these cords to let down the coffin into the grave. “My father took the one at the head, and also one much smaller springing from the same point as his, which he had caused to be put there, and unrolling it, put it into my hand. I twisted it firmly round my fingers and awaited the result. The burial men

* Supplementary Chapter, p. 5. † *Ibid*, p. 7. ‡ *Ibid*, p. 9.

with their real ropes lowered the coffin, and when it rested at the bottom, it was far too deep for me to see it; the grave was made very deep, as he used afterwards to tell us, that it might hold us all—my father first, and abruptly let his cord drop, followed by the rest. This was too much. I now saw what was meant, and held on and fixed my fist and my feet, and I believe my father had some difficulty in forcing open my small fingers. He let the little black cord drop, and I remember in my misery and anger, seeing its open end disappearing in the gloom.”*

He is little to be envied, whose soul is blind to the beauty, the pathos, the piercing keenness of these flashing glints from the very heart of nature. And then the effect on the desolate father, now turned in upon himself, and away from all human companionship, and from this time directing all the pent-up energy of his brain upon intense, unremitting, solitary study! This is all told so truthfully, so sorrowfully, yet so reverently, that one knows not which most to admire, the unconscious genius or the beautiful, humble love of the son. “From this time,” he says, “dates my father’s possession and use of the German Exegetics. After my mother’s death I slept with him and I remember well his getting those fat, spongy, shapeless German books, as if one would sink in them and be bogged in their bibulous, unsized paper, and watching him, as he impatiently cut them up, and dived into them, in his rapid, eclectic way, tasting them and dropping, for my play, such a lot of soft, large, curled bits from the paper-cutter, leaving the edges all shaggy. He never came to bed when I was awake, which was not to be wondered at. But I can remember often awaking far on in the night or morning, and seeing that keen, beautiful, intense face bending over these Rosenmüllers, and Ernestis, and Storrs, and Kuinoels—the fire out, and the grey dawn peering through the window. And when he heard me move, he would speak to me in the foolish words of endearment my mother was wont to use, and come to the bed and take me, warm as I was, into his cold bosom.”†

The change in Dr. Brown’s public ministrations after the death of his wife is thus put in a homely but striking way. In the early period of his clerical life, he had been strongly addicted to literature, and his sermons then showed no little of ambition, perhaps inflation of style. During this period, it is related, after preaching in a country town, two of his hearers, elderly women, were returning from church, and the one asked her ‘neebor’ what she thought of the sermon. “Its maist o’t tinsel-wark,” was the reply. After his great sorrow, he preached in the same place,

* Supplementary Chapter, pp. 8—10. † *Ibid*, p. 15.

and the 'neebor,' not waiting to be asked, said eagerly, "It's aw gowd noo."

By the way, the reading of this supplementary chapter might help to modify the tone of the *Saturday Review*. It contains such choice and racy bits of humour, as might persuade him that Scotch *wut* is not always *deed wut*. Take an example. Dr. Brown was not addicted to boating, and perhaps scarcely ever had an oar in his hand. Being on one occasion with a boating party, he took an oar, and wishing to do something decided, missed the water and went back, head over heels, to the great enjoyment of an elderly lady present, who was famed for quick and severe repartee. "Less pith," said she, "and mair to the purpose, my man." In the time of the coaches, when, especially in cold or wet weather, it was of some consequence to secure an inside place, a big, perspiring countryman, fearing he was too late, rushed into "the Black Bull" coach-office and shouted forth, "Are yir insides a' oot?"

The writer of the supplementary chapter, depicting chiefly his father, twines a beautiful garland of respectful and admiring love and gratitude, around the memory of some of his father's departed friends, and of the more remarkable progenitors of his family. We have space but for one extract, relating to the first John Brown—the Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, author of the "Self-interpreting Bible," and of a "Dictionary to the Bible:"—

"For the 'heroic' old man of Haddington, my father had peculiar reverence, as, indeed, we all have, as well we may. He was our king, the founder of our dynasty; and we dated from him, and he was 'hedged' accordingly with a certain sacredness or 'divinity.' I well remember with what surprise and pride I found myself asked by a blacksmith's wife in a remote hamlet, among the hop-gardens of Kent, if I were 'the son of the Self-interpreting Bible.' I possess, as an heir-loom, the New Testament which my father fondly regarded as the one his grandfather, when a herd laddie, got from the Professor who heard him ask for it, and promised him it, if he could read a verse; and he has, in his small beautiful hand, written in it what follows:— 'He (John Brown, of Haddington) had now acquired so much of Greek as encouraged him to hope that he might at length be prepared to reap the richest of all rewards which classical learning could confer on him—the capacity of reading, in the original tongue, the blessed New Testament of our Lord and Saviour. Full of this hope, he became anxious to possess a copy of the invaluable volume. One night, having committed the charge of his sheep to a companion, he set out on a midnight journey to St. Andrews, a distance of twenty-four miles. He reached his destination ere the morning, and went to the book-

seller's shop, asking for a copy of the Greek Testament. The master of the shop was disposed to make game of him. Some of the professors coming into the shop, questioned the lad about his employment and studies. After hearing his tale, one of them desired the bookseller to bring the volume. He did so, and drawing down, said, 'Boy, read this, and you shall have it for nothing.' The boy did so; acquitted himself to the admiration of his judges, and carried off his testament; and, when the evening arrived, was studying it in the midst of his flock, on the braes of Abernethy.' " *

Of all the beauties that lie thick in this biographical morceau, perhaps there is not one of its kind more beautiful, more delicate, more graceful, more becoming, than the sweet tribute paid to the second Mrs. Brown. After nearly twenty years of widowhood, Dr. Brown married again; and, like the first, this was a true marriage, inspired by true mutual affection, esteem, and respect. The son, by the first marriage, writes thus of the second wife—"The two wives had much alike in nature—only, one could see the divine wisdom of his first wife being his first, and the second his second—each did best in her own place. His second marriage was a source of great happiness and good, not only to himself but to us, his first children. She had been intimately known to us for many years, and was endeared to us long before we saw her, by having been, as a child and a girl, a great favourite of our own mother. . . . My father's union with his second wife was not only one of the best blessings of his life, it made him more a blessing to others than it is likely he would otherwise have been. By her cheerful, gracious ways, her love for society, as distinguished from company, her gift of making every one happy and at ease with her, and her compassion for all suffering, she, in a measure, wore my father from himself and his books, to his own great good, and to the delight and benefit of us all. It was like sunshine, and a glad sound in the house." †

These imperfect reproductions must be brought to a close. Through life, increasingly, Dr. Brown was marked by enlightened and profound piety. His religion was not professional, but personal, not occasional and fitful, but pervading and permanent. It was seen in the pulpit, in the academic chair, in his daily intercourse with men, and in his family, and his home. He was personally and thoroughly, a godly, Christian man. "I never knew *any* man," says his son, "who lived more truly under the power and sometimes under the shadow of the world to come." ‡

He died as he lived. His was a calm, composed, collected end,

* Supplementary Chapter, pp 72, 73. † *Ibid*, pp. 57—59. ‡ *Ibid*, p. 51.

in which also one of his great, *living* peculiarities, was most touchingly betrayed. "That morning, when he knew us and that was all, and when he followed us with his dying, loving eyes, but could not speak, the end came; and then, as through life, his will asserted itself supreme in death. With that love of order and decency, which was a law of his life, he deliberately composed himself, placing his body at rest, as if setting his house in order before leaving it, and then closed his eyes and mouth, so that his last look—the look his body carried to the grave, and faced dissolution in—was that of sweet, dignified, self-possession.†

So he passed away, up to the great spirit-world! Upward, to God and His Christ—to truth, and right, and peace! Ever upward!

IV.

LA FRANCE PROTESTANTE. †

No church has deserved better of the truth than the Reformed Church of France, being from its first emergence out of the corrupt Church of Rome, an ark amid a stormy sea, which no violence of the elements has been able to drown. In the sixteenth century God lighted a candle in the midst of the French people, which, like its kindred one lighted at Latimer's stake in England, no craft of man has been able to put out. No church has been more tried than that of our brethren across the Straits of Dover; and none has proved more faithful under the crucial experiment of ceaseless and cruel persecution. Every device which cunning, aided by power, could employ to extinguish the fire of Protestantism in the land has been tried, from schemes of comprehension down to attempts at massacre and annihilation, but all in vain, for the zeal-cherished flame still defies extinction, and after three hundred years of ruthless proscription, it burns on more hills, and sheds a brighter, further light than ever, across the decreasing Popish gloom. Popery is waning in France, and the religion of the Reformation increasing. "The light shineth in darkness, and

* Supplementary Chapter, p. 120.

† I. *La France Protestante*, par Eugene Haag. Paris, 1847.

II. *Memoires pour servir à l'histoire du réveil religieux des Eglises Protestantes de Suisse et de France*. Par J. Bost. Paris, 1854—56.

III. *Synodicon in Gallia Reformata*. By John Quick. London. 1692.

the darkness comprehended it not," and, we may add, loved it not, but yielded, nevertheless, before it. "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." The churches were never so strong, its pastorates never so influential, the gospel never so acceptable, the conversions never so numerous, as now. Peace is within its walls, and prosperity within the palaces of our Presbyterian sister in France, and well has she deserved the laurels that deck her brow. They are the guerdon of conflict—the reward of suffering—the crown of fidelity—the testimony of divine approval.

We commend, and justly, our Scottish Covenanters; many, it is true, were ignorant, many were fanatics, many blind enthusiasts, but, take them as a body, they were worthy of admiration as a much-enduring class of upholders of truth; yet, for every martyr which a Covenanting Caledonia shows, modern Gaul, since the Reformation, can show its hundred. We hesitate not to say that the most painfully-interesting church history of modern times is that of France; it is the Madagascar of our European churches; its countless martyrdoms throw all contemporary "damnifications" for Christ into the shade. Every French Protestant of ancient family represents generations of men who counted neither life nor goods dear to them, so that they might bear testimony to the crown rights of the Lord Jesus, as Head of the Church and Supreme Ruler of His people. The Protestants of the French kingdom have been decimated over and over again by the axe of extermination; and yet, like an often-pruned tree, although in this very day of comparative security, the action and progress of the church are still partially checked, they strike their roots downward, and bear fruit upward, to the dismay of their enemies and the glory of God. Every vexation and hindrance that petty *maires* and *préfets* can put in the way of the opening of Protestant schools, the observance of Protestant rites, the preaching of Protestant truth, and the burial of Protestant dead, are freely employed by sectarian spite and malice to degrade, where they cannot injure, the Protestant cause; but in the face of all this paltry opposition, the tide of evangelism flows in upon the darkest spots in the land, and threatens to carry everything before it. What Cardinal Lorraine could not accomplish with his Inquisition—what the Guises with their cruel craft could not achieve—what Charles IX. failed to effect by the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day—what Louis with his *dragonnades*, burnings, and banishment, proved to be impracticable, is not to be brought about by contemptible slights, that irritate, but cannot constrain. Protestant France can now afford to despise that paltry official or other opposition which in days of sterner en-

durance it had the grace to defy. The burning bush is its aptest device—and its motto most appropriate—*comburo non consumo*.

We are led to this train of reflection by witnessing the wonderful production in modern France of a reformed historical literature—valuable, trustworthy, erudite—largely ecclesiastical, and decidedly Protestant. It seems to indicate that times are come in which good men are not ashamed of those slandered and ill-used ancestors of theirs; and that public opinion will tolerate the vindication of the faith and virtue of the persecuted dead. We see in the names and works of Haag, and Weiss, Vincent, and Bost, something more than the results of so many hours of study, and the publication of such and such books. They are rather like the flowers of spring, indicating that summer is coming, with its sunny victories for truth, with its harvest of glory to God and good-will to man. The facts on which we build are pleasant facts, but we regard them as indexes of much more than they express. They are the first fruits: they lead the van.

Did time or our purpose allow, we should like to go over certain incidents of French history that prove the ancestors of the existing race of Protestants, men worthy of reverential remembrance. Fewer Christians perished, probably, in all the provinces of the Roman Empire during the ten great persecutions, than perished in France alone since the beginning of the sixteenth century for the sake of a Scriptural Christianity. We are prone to condemn the levity of the French character, but that character has two sides, and no nation since the world began has signalized its earnestness by more heroic, daring, and unflinching steadfastness in the cause of religion. Death was the least of their pains, and martyrdom the lowest of their achievements—that they might but “testify the Gospel of the Grace of God.”

It has occurred to us, in connection with the works at the head of this article, that a few extracts from the domestic legislation of the Reformed Church of France would give a pleasant insight into its character and history, and would more truly show the spirit of its early working than a more elaborate historical picture. Their doctrine, discipline, and church order, the questions submitted to them in their corporate capacity, and their decisions on these, the incidental notices of their particular ecclesiastical status, exhibit themselves in a most interesting and clear way in the acts of their councils, and the decrees of their assemblies. Of these we shall bring forward a few specimens, seeking rather to present their peculiarities—the odd incidents of experience or phrase which the times gave rise to—than to adduce those which, under more ordinary circumstances, we might surmise and expect. It must be obvious to any reflecting person, that a period in which

all the pastors of the Reformed Church were those who had once been Papists, and all their members the same—while the entire state of things within and around them was abnormal, exceptional—harassing persecution without, and inexperience within—must have been the parent of many strange acts, questions, and resolves. By the citation of these, we shall endeavour to render our paper amusing, at the same time assuring our readers that anything more worthy of an enlightened Christian community could not well remain on record than the minutes of the meetings of the early Reformed Church of France. Piety, purity, solemnity, and common sense, govern the proceedings to a remarkable degree, and any Christian on earth might be proud to belong to a communion that boasted of the guidance in early days of a Calvin and Beza, a Du Moulin and a Basnage, a Daillé and a Bochart. If the Roman admired the assembled busts of his ancestors, and found their chiselled likenesses a stimulant to worthy deeds, how much rather may the descendants of the French confessors and martyrs, read in the lines of their legislation, the wisdom of their counsels, the bent of their spirit, the triumph of their faith. Abundant evidence remains to prove that the Fathers of the French Church were everything we could have wished them to have been, along with those oddities, national or periodical, which bespoke the soil of their birth, or the age in which their ministry was exercised. They shine, we venture to say, by comparison with any Patristic Council or Popish Synod that ever blazoned its folly by minute definition of the undefinable, or by intolerant dogma that fettered freedom and extinguished thought.

In a paper published some three years ago, we gave a summary of the acts of the English councils—our present essay will do the same, in a desultory and eclectic way, of those of France. Should opportunity admit of our carrying out our designs, we may pursue the theme by a selection of a kindred kind from Popish sources. The very contrast cannot be otherwise than creditable to the Protestantism which is so dear to our heart. To meet for conference and counsel is one of the most natural resources of a community, whether in political or ecclesiastical affairs; and a very competent authority has recorded a testimony in its favour: "In the multitude of counsellors there is safety." So obvious has been this resource, that in the earliest age of Christianity, we find the people assembling together, with their heads, to resolve knotty questions of policy and practice. What apostles sanctioned, and necessity enforced, has been observed in all religious communities for the space of 1800 years; and councils, synods, general assemblies, convocations and conferences, bespeak the presumed value and the virtue of mutual consultation.

As nothing but matters of general moment are reserved for discussion in general meetings, the acts and proceedings of these may be expected to throw light upon the condition of the Church, in the various ages embraced in these records; and as, further, these meetings were those of a corporation existing apart from the community around them, they will exhibit all the peculiarities we may expect to find in a sect or esoteric class. The disclosures made by many of these peculiar statements are thus authentic and contemporary revelations of the state of the Christian Church at the sundry periods of its conciliar existence. If toward the close we provoke a smile at one of the peculiarities of these documents, it must not for a moment be supposed that we fail in sympathy for the sorely-tried fathers—never to be mentioned without respect—of the existing French Protestant Church. They did their work nobly in their day, and shall be held in everlasting remembrance. They laboured, and we enter into their labours. It is very interesting to find, so far back as the first National Synod of the French Churches, held in Paris in A.D. 1559 (so very near the date of the Reformation), that by that time the national Presbyterianism was indelibly fixed in the first line of its first canon: "No Church, or church-officer, be he minister, elder, or deacon, shall claim or exercise any jurisdiction or authority over another;" and that the constitution of its annual assemblies, as it still prevails over the Presbyterian world, was there laid down. Each minister was to be accompanied to the Synods by one elder and one deacon.

Caution is to be exercised in the probation of ministers: "Novices received of late into the Church, especially monks and priests, shall not be chosen into the ministry without a long and diligent inquiry into, and approbation had of, their lives and doctrine." How needful this precaution, the most painful cases of discipline disturbing future synods, and marring the peace and purity of the Church, will show.

A kind of censorship of their religious press was established: "Ministers, nor any other members of the Church, may not print their own or others' works concerning religion, nor in any wise publish them, till they have first communicated them unto two or more [ministers] of the Gospel of unspotted reputation."

Marriage was to be only by banns published on three successive Sundays, a fortnight of full publicity being thus given to the intended union.

In the registers of baptisms the names of fathers, mothers, and sureties [sponsors] of the child were to be kept.

The Synod surely strained a point, and asserted an undue claim for the Consistory, when they enacted that "promises of marriage

once made cannot be dissolved; *no, not by the mutual consent of the parties.*" To the Consistory the right was reserved of pronouncing whether the affianced should marry or not.

By far the most curious matters mooted in these synods are the cases of conscience, propounded from various quarters of the country, for the guidance of the separate Churches and pastors—the strangely dislocated and immoral state of society at large, and the inexperience of an infant Church, presenting a thousand hitches of great difficulty and doubt.

The very first case proposed at this first Synod was, Is it lawful to marry persons whose license is obtained from a Popish priest? And the answer is, No. The document is to be torn in pieces, and the sin of procuring it confessed, before the marriage service by a Protestant pastor can be performed.

Is a marriage promise annulled by one of the parties becoming a Protestant before their union? No.

We are reminded by another of the questions that the Protestant Churches of France were within thirteen years of Bartholomew's Day; it being asked whether an oath should be taken of imprisoned members not to denounce their brethren when questioned as to their associates before the magistrates.

They were not to go to law before Popish bishops; nevertheless, when compelled for justice' sake to do so, the members may address themselves "unto them, as we would unto a thief that robs upon the highway, to obtain some kindness from him."

Many other questions of great but no-wise peculiar interest occur in this assembly, and they are answered in general with a dignity, propriety, and truth, that give a most favourable opinion of the governing capacity of these early French Churches.

In the Synod of Poitiers, held next year, 1560, we first meet with a denunciation of "dancing, mummeries, and tricks of jugglers."

The grievance early begins of insufficient maintenance of pastors; it becomes a standing complaint in the Church, because, as the Synod alleges, "foreign countries have been exceedingly scandalised at the neglect and ingratitude of divers Churches in this particular."

The names of members of Churches are to be set down by each minister, "who are to be owned as sheep of that flock; that so all may not be received higgly-piggly, without distinction, unto the Lord's table."

The question is asked, one of some moment now-a-days, "May a man lawfully espouse the sister of his deceased wife, who hath left him children begotten of her body by him?" To which was answered, "That this is in no wise lawful nor expedient, and the

Church must see to it that no such marriage be solemnized in it." To which judgment we give our hearty assent, so far as to say that there may be no sin in such unions, but that they are on every ground inexpedient.

Baptism by private persons is utterly ignored: a child so baptized must, notwithstanding, be afterwards baptized by the minister. "Ought those to be rebaptized who were baptized by monks?" "Certainly, for these have no commission to baptize."

The Churches of Paris, Orleans, and Rouen are deputed to protest against the Popish Council of Trent now a-holding, by printed books, or in some other approved way.

Communion in one kind was suffered, not approved, as thus: "May he be admitted to communicate in the bread only at the Lord's table, who hath an antipathy against wine?" "Yes, he may, provided that he do his utmost to drink of the cup; but in case he cannot, he shall make a protestation of his antipathy:" thus, of course, taking the burden of a mutilated rite on his own shoulders off that of the Church or its minister. This leave was afterwards revoked.

The Synod of Orleans was held in the year 1562.

That all superstitions may be avoided, ministers shall not use any prayers at the interment of the dead.

Concerning names of children, ministers shall reject those which yet remain of old Paganism; nor shall they give unto infants such as are attributed to God in Holy Scripture; nor names of office, as *Baptist, Angel, Archangel*; moreover, parents and sureties shall be admonished as much as in them lieth, to take those which are approved by God's Sacred Word.

Booksellers, or hawkers of books, may not sell scandalous books; nor may they, in the sale of their books, "*take unto themselves immoderate gains.*" (!)

Monthly communion was disapproved and condemned as an innovation on the prevailing order.

The Churches are advertised to take notice of a fellow called *Frederick Thierry*, formerly an Augustine friar; as also of another called *Marmande*, as being vagrants.

A minister employed in the Church, and receiving wages for it, may not exercise any other calling, nor receive wages for it.

A marriage was pronounced incestuous, because the man was formerly married to the sister of his present wife.

LYONS, 1563. A man having left his wife because of leprosy, and married another, his first being still alive, his second marriage is null before God.

It belongs only unto ministers to give the cup at the Lord's table, and not to elders or deacons.

May a man marry his cousin-german? We know nothing to the contrary, but that such persons may marry, for they do not sin against any prohibition of God.

It having been proposed whether maids above ten years old should answer the public catechism, this matter is left to the prudence of consistories, who shall act herein as will make most for edification.

Forasmuch as the minister of *Château Neuf* hath of his own accord forsaken his ministry, induced thereunto by the persuasions of his wife, as he protested before the Conference at Dieppe, it is resolved that the Brethren, ministers of the Conference, shall censure him according to his deservings, and put him in the catalogue of deserters.

A man may not marry his brother's widow.

In this Synod the assembled pastors had the good sense to crush an incipient Plymouth Brethrenism. Mark their sentence:—"In some places and temples where the Word of God is preached, the bells being rung to give notice of it, is it expedient that men and women meeting together for that purpose in a certain chamber of those temples, should answer questions propounded to them from the books, chapters, and verses of the Holy Bible by the minister, and give each of them their sense and interpretation of those texts of Scripture? It was answered, that this course was evil, and of dangerous consequence, and that the minister of Croissil did very well to oppose himself against it."

A gentleman troubles the Church, and wills that his wife come up immediately after him to the Lord's table, before any of the men. This Assembly orders a letter to be sent to him in their name, ordering him to walk with more humility.

An abbess, although she hath renounced idolatry, but yet retains the revenues of her abbey, may not be received to the Lord's table.

Two persons promise to marry, but the lady retracts, alleging that the other "party's breath is stinking." Resolved, that the engagement is indissoluble.

Master *Damian Jaubert*, complaining that his Church of *Dombes* neglected to maintain him; the Church of *Issoire*, upon examination of the matter, finding it true, is ordered to declare and set him free from their service.

In the Synod of Orleans, 1562, a "Treatise of Christian Discipline and Polity," by a certain pastor, *John Morelly*, is condemned, and the grounds of the censure explained in the Synod of Paris, 1565. Morelly seems to have been a kind of Independent, for he is charged with advocating the "delivering up the government of the Church unto the people," whereby "he would bring in a new tumultuous conduct and full of confusions," "from

whence would follow many great and dangerous inconveniences." *Morelly*, on recantation, was to remain in communion with the Church.

Imposition of hands at ordination is not considered imperative, only decent and usual.

Students for the ministry may be present at church councils (but not vote), at the discretion of the pastors.

Sponsors at baptism are an ancient and seemly ordinance, and ought to be observed in the Church, though not essential to the rite. "Such as are not willing to conform to this practice, are exhorted not to be conceited, but to conform to this ancient and accustomed order, which we find both good and very beneficial."

All clandestine promises of marriage, "made even by persons of full age," are null. "All Churches shall be desired to shun ingratitude to their ministers (a sin too rife among us); and to take special care that they be more respected, and their labours better rewarded; not to enrich and fatten them, but to give them a becoming and sufficient maintenance."

Ministers of churches are advised not to receive the members of any other churches unto the Lord's Supper, without attestation under the hand of their own ministers.

Because there is everywhere a visible decay and a great want of ministers, the churches shall be admonished that such as are rich, should maintain some hopeful scholars at the Universities, who being educated in liberal arts and sciences, and other good learning, may be fitted for and employed in the sacred ministry.

Ministers shall exhort their people to be modest in their habits, and that they themselves, in this and in all other matters, give them the best example, forbearing all gaudery in their own persons, and in their wives and children.

The same kind of roguery that Latimer inveighs against, and that young Adam Clarke's honest soul revolted from, is condemned in the Synod of Vertueil, 1567. "Such who according to the custom of the country do falsify, disguise, or corrupt their merchandise, as stretchers, drawers of cloth in Poitou,—shall be laid under censures."

This Synod revokes the permission given seven years before to communicate only in one kind, enacting now, that "the Synod judgeth it not advisable that those should receive the bread at the Lord's table who cannot the cup."

If a minister die in the service of his church, it shall take care about the maintenance of his widow and children, and, in case of the church's inability, the province shall be obliged.

Let all promises of marriage be made decently and in the fear of God, not in dissoluteness, or over a glass of wine.

The accomplishment of marriage shall not be deferred above six weeks after the promise of it.

A woman whose husband forsook her, furnishing no tidings of himself, was to be licensed by the Consistory to marry again at the end of one year.

In the Synod of Rochelle, 1571, Beza moved a condemnation of the errors of Socinus, and the Polish heretics.

The English Bishops are desired to suppress the books of the said heretics, which began to be in vogue among them.

Marriages are not to be solemnized on communion days or days of fasting.

Revolters in times of persecution are to be dealt with indulgently, as, in the words of Augustine, "*it were much better to have a vicious church than no church at all.*" Prudence will direct a different kind of treatment for different cases. The relapsed who continue impenitent are *ipso facto* excommunicate.

The Synod being informed that the churches of Languedoc do practise divers things contrary to our discipline, as in the mission and loan of ministers they gather the people's votes one after another—it doth disapprove and condemn all those usages and customs.

There were present at this Synod of Rochelle, Joan, by the grace of God, Queen of Navarre; the high and mighty Prince Henry of Bourbon, Prince of Condé; the most illustrious Prince Lewis, Count of Nassau; and Sir Gaspar, Count of Coligny, Admiral of France, and divers other lords and gentlemen, who were members of the church of God. Theodore de Beze was moderator, and subscribed the proceedings.

In the Synod of Nismes, held in 1572, it was enacted—"It shall not be lawful for the faithful to be present at stage-plays—comedies, tragedies, or farces—whether they be acted publicly or privately; because they have been ever condemned by God's ancient churches for corrupting of good manners, especially when the Holy Scripture shall be profaned by them. But if a college judge it meet for youth [this meets the case of the Westminster Latin play] to represent any history not comprised in the sacred Scripture (which was never given to us for sport and pastime, but to be preached for our conversion and comfort), and provided this be done but very seldom, and by the advice of the ecclesiastical colloquy, which shall first peruse the composition, it shall be tolerated.

A pastor must part with an adulterous wife, a mere professor of divinity need not: "Professors of divinity are not to correct and reprove as pastors are; so that they may, if they please, pass by the wickedness of their wives, and, notwithstanding their

adultery, enjoy their professor's place amongst us, and not be deposed from it."

In case the children of believers will contract marriage with unbelievers, against their parents' will, their parents shall withhold consent, and assign no dowry.

At St. Foy, 1578, ministers are exhorted to catechise and preach: "In preaching and handling the Scriptures, the said ministers shall be exhorted not to dwell long upon a text, but to expound and treat of as many as they can, fleeing all ostentation and long digressions, and heaping up of parallel places and quotations; nor ought they to propound divers senses and expositions, nor to allege, unless very rarely and prudently, any passages of the Fathers, nor shall they cite profane authors and stories; that so the Scriptures may be left in their full and sovereign authority."

Churches refusing to defray the expenses of their ministers in going to classes and synods, shall be admonished of their duty.

Godmothers shall be equally bound to the religious education of those children for whom they are sureties as godfathers.

Persons that put into verse or poems Scripture stories, are admonished not to mingle poetical fables with them, nor to ascribe unto God the names of false gods.

Parents are exhorted to be exceedingly careful in instructing their children, which are the seed and nursery of the Church; and they shall be most bitterly censured, who send them to the schools of priests, Jesuits, and nuns.

"This Assembly will take especial care of Monsieur Christian's subsistence. But in the meanwhile the Church of Poitiers shall be severely censured for their default of duty, baseness, and ingratitude to this reverend man of God, who was one of their first and most ancient pastors, and who laid the very foundations of their flourishing Church. The said Church shall be summoned to the next Synod, and enjoined to give him full contentment and satisfaction, to pay him all arrearages owing to him for time past, and to relieve him now in his old age."

The Brethren of the French Church in London, in the kingdom of England, sent letters to this assembly, petitioning that Messieurs *de Villiers*, minister of the church at Rouen, and *de la Fontaine*, of Orleans, might be given them for their pastors. The request was granted.

At Figeac, 1579, it was ordained that persons suspended from the Lord's table shall not be admitted to present children for baptism as their sureties, so long as their suspension lasts.

"Churches that in singing psalms do first cause each verse to be read, shall be advised to forbear that childish custom; and such as have used themselves unto it shall be censured." (!)

"Whereas divers persons during public and family prayers, do neither uncover their heads nor bow their knees, expressing thereby the great pride of their hearts, and scandalising such as fear the Lord, that this their irreverence may be amended and reformed, all pastors, elders, and governors of families, are advised and required to see carefully to it that, during prayer, every one in their churches and families, without exception, be they high or low, noble or base, do testify the humbleness of their heart by those forementioned outward marks of humility."

That the ingratitude of divers Churches toward their minister may be hereafter prevented, this Assembly doth ordain that every Church shall advance a quarter's stipend beforehand unto their pastor.

At Rochelle, 1581, it was proposed that the fifth penny of all charity monies should be set apart for the support of students for the ministry at the colleges and schools.

Such professors as range abroad to hear the Word in one church and receive the Sacrament in another, shall be admonished of their duty, and fix themselves to some particular Church of Christ; and in case of neglect they shall be censured.

All those who by unlawful means, as by Papal Bulls or ready money, shall purchase or hold Popish benefices, and cause idolatry to be upheld directly or indirectly, shall be excluded communion at the Lord's table.

This Synod declareth that "such habits [clothes] are not to be allowed in common wearing as carry with them evident marks of lasciviousness, dissoluteness, and excessive new-fangled fashions, such as painting, slashing, cutting in pieces, trimming with locks and tassels, or any other that may discover our nakedness, or naked breasts, or fardingales, or the like sorts of garments, with which both men and women do wickedly clothe themselves."

None of our members in communion with us shall assist at the weddings or wedding-feasts of those who, that they may marry a Popish wife, do revolt from the Reformed religion.

At Vitré, 1583, Popish brides are not to be accompanied to the Popish church, nor Popish corpses to burial, if there be any kind of idolatry or superstition connected with the services.

It was decreed at Montauban, 1594, that in every province there should be chosen some fit person to answer the writings of the adversaries.

Reserving liberty unto the Church for a more exact translation of the Holy Bible, our Churches, imitating the primitive Church, are exhorted to receive and use in their public assemblies the last translation revised by the pastors and professors of the Church of Geneva.

A resolution having been taken at the last Synod at Vitré, that they should consider whether Mr. Calvin's Catechism ought to be changed; it was now decreed that it should be retained, and the ministers should not be permitted to expound any other.

It will be observed here that the Genevese theologian has, by the year 1861, got beyond the stage of being called *Mister* Calvin, which sounds about as odd as *Mister* Homer, or *Mister* Milton. There is a grand simplicity about the natural name (leaving its adoption by Fame out of the question), which no title can equal. *John* Calvin, *John* Milton, *John* Wesley, are worth a cartload of your *Misters*.

The Churches are advised to see to it that their deacons, or readers, do not read publicly the Apocrypha, but the canonical books of Holy Scripture.

"All ministers are exhorted to be earnest with God in their public prayers for the conversion, preservation, prosperity of the King; and whenever they be at Court, and have access unto his Majesty, they shall do their duty in reminding him seriously of the great concerns of his soul's salvation; and the pastors ordinarily residing at Court, or in its neighbourhood, shall be writ unto by this Synod, more especially to put this, our counsel, into practice."

There is a fine vein of faithfulness running through this minute.

One pastor Gardesi, is noted for being a stern Nathan to the French king.

At Saumur, 1596, the book of one *L'Escale* being submitted to the assembly, was found to contain erroneous points of doctrine, contrary to the view of justification. The author was asked would he receive instruction on those points, but he answered in the negative. Persisting in his "errors and self-conceitedness," the churches were cautioned against his views.

Chaplains are to be sent to the army, two from a single province at one time, each of whom shall serve six months, and retire home, to be succeeded by other two from another province.

The churches blessed by God with ability are exhorted to erect public libraries for the service of the ministers and *proposans* of their faith.

The Church of Paris is entreated to note and collect the passages in the sacred canonical writings, and those of the Fathers, which have been falsified and maimed by writers of the Romish Church.

It was asked whether a judge or magistrate of the Reformed religion could tender an oath on the crucifix, relics, altar, pixes, and such-like appurtenances of idolatry? and the answer was, that no Protestant functionary could act in such a manner.

There seems a quiet touch of humour in the supplement of these good divines to a minute of Montauban. "The article of the Synod about registering the names of persons newly-admitted into church-fellowship with us shall be observed; and as touching the subscribing of their own names, this shall be added: *if it may be done.*"

The deputies of Poitou demanded whether two names might be given in baptism? to which is replied that "the thing was indifferent;" however, parents were advised to observe herein Christian simplicity.

"When divers persons in our churches are afflicted with the plague of impotency by those who tie the point, the pastors shall show them in their sermons that the cause of this evil is unbelief in some, and weakness of faith in others; but the charms used to untie them are detestable, whereas fasting and prayer, and reformation of life, through the blessing of God, would effect the cure."

No lotteries can be approved, even although they were allowed by the civil magistrates. Magistrates professing the Reformed religion are exhorted to restrain them.

Our further notices must be more succinct. The Synod of Montpellier, 1598, decreed that license to marry away from their own church was not to be given to those who feared at home "bewitching and impotency by tying the point." Widows were not to marry till seven months and fourteen days after their husband's death. No reconciliation was to be had with Popery. They founded two universities, at Montauban and at Saumur; and two theological academies, at Montpellier and Nismes. At Gergeau, 1601, patrons were forbidden to repair church or chapel wherein mass was sung, even though they should lose their property by non-compliance. Gap, 1603, bids depose all ministers who deny the imputation of Christ's active and passive righteousness: *Piscator* condemned for preaching it. The Pope is Antichrist, the son of perdition. No sins confessed to a minister shall be revealed to the magistrate, saving treason alone. Students are not to be sent out to preach before ordination. The Antwerp Polyglot to be provided for their universities. One of the clergy of Fonzar was a Scotchman named *Welch*, who spent eight hours daily in prayer.

A sum of 45,000 livres was assigned by the crown for the maintenance of their Universities and pastors.

Rochelle, 1607. Baptism by midwives repudiated. Courses of divinity lectures are to be completed in three years. *Primrose*, a Scotchman, able and useful pastor at Bourdeaux. *Duncan*, Regent of Montauban. The pastors much annoyed by challenges to discussion from sundry Romanist friars.

Maixant, 1609. Children certified as about to die are to be baptized. The several provinces of the whole kingdom are to devote themselves to the study of different questions of controversial divinity; as, for instance—*Anjou*, that the Pope is Antichrist; *Saintonge*, the Councils; *Orleans*, the Power of the Keys; the *Isle of France*, the Monastic Institutions, &c., &c. At the Synod of Tonneins, 1614, the Rev. David Hume, returning to exercise his ministry in France, delivered letters from his Britannic Majesty, exhorting the Churches to concord.

At the Second Synod of Vitré, 1617, it was ordained that persons choosing Romish sponsors for their children, should be subject to Church censures. *Moors*, banished from Spain, were not to be received into communion without careful instruction in the Christian religion. All ministers are forbidden to vent in the pulpit their sentiments about public affairs.

1620.—At Aléz it was recommended that moderators should be chosen with a low rather than a loud voice, “for the avoiding of many inconveniences.” The Canons of Dort were incorporated with those of the Synod of France. Mons. Martin’s book, “*Le Capuchin Reformé*,” being a source of heavy cost to him, “a great number of copies being left upon his hand through the craft and knavery of the booksellers,” is ordered to be reimbursed his expences. (Most indulgent Synod!) Jerome Quevedo, a Spaniard, escaped out of the prison of the Inquisition, had a sum of money granted him for his subsistence. Mons. Ferrier, a quondam Carthusian monk, is to have a pension of eightpence a day, and a new suit of clothes yearly. Quarrels in the Church of St. John de Gardonengues about pews—that standing grievance of all Churches. *Craig* and *Cameron*, professors of divinity at *Saumur*. *Galland*, king’s deputy at Charenton, 1623. All the respective pastors and deputies at this assembly did for themselves and their provinces, with hands uplifted to Heaven, swear that they would observe their Canons of Discipline. The Church of Geneva assented to use common bread at communion, instead of unleavened bread, in order to conform to the usage of the French Churches. King Louis XIII. objected to foreign pastors, and the acceptance of the decrees of the Synod of Dort. Pastors were exhorted to visit the families of their flocks at least once a year. The Greek professorship abolished in their universities, on the plea of “the poverty of our Churches,” and “as being superfluous and of small profit.” (!) This resolution was revoked at the next Synod.

As noble a body of Calvinistic divinity as anywhere existed in so brief a space, is condensed in the canons and decrees of the Council of Charenton.

Peter de Launay, one of the lay deputies to this Synod, was

reputed a Millennarian. One of the clergy, *de l'Angle*, was father of one of the prebendaries of Westminster.

At the Synod of Castres, 1626, a thousand livres were voted as a present to pastor *Blondel*, in order to buy books, "as a token of our great esteem and value for him;" "and because his great excellency lieth in Church history and antiquity," he is earnestly desired to follow his genius.

Several hundred livres were ordered to be paid over to the children of the deceased Mr. Cameron, formerly professor and pastor at Montauban, out of respect to his memory.

The Second Synod of Charenton, 1631, decreed an earnest request to Mons. *de Sommaise* (Salmasius), that he would devote his studies and pains to the service of God's Church, and that he would travail in the examination and confutation of the *Annals* of Cardinal Baronius.

This Synod condemned "the deplorable weakness" and "inexcusable cowardice" of those professors of the faith who, in obedience to orders from the magistrates, did "hang their houses, and light out candles, on the festival that goes by the name of the Holy Sacrament."

Lutherans are to be admitted to communion, and to stand surety for children, "without a precedaneous abjuration of those opinions held by them, contrary to the belief of our Churches."

Sharp and *Martin*, foreign pastors, are ordered out of the kingdom by the king's decree, contrary to the remonstrance of the Synod.

A Mr. Robertson at this time was principal of the college at Rochefoucauld.

In the Synod of Alençon, 1637, it is laid down by the royal commissioner, as the price of the king's favour, that "when, as you shall have occasion to speak of the Pope, and of those of the Roman Catholic religion, of its sacraments and ceremonies, you are not to call him Antichrist, nor them idolators, nor to use any unbecoming words that may offend or scandalize them, upon pain of interdiction; *i.e.*, of silencing the ministers and dissolving the church-meetings, and of greater punishments." They are further prohibited publishing polemical works without submitting them to his Majesty's censors. Apostates must not be called apostates; and persons divorced by the civil magistrates, wishing to be married again, must be married by the pastors, even against the wish of the clergyman. His Majesty also enjoins them to abstain from re-baptizing those who had been baptized by monks or unauthorized persons, on the ground that the Roman Catholic Church acknowledged such baptisms to be valid. The Church must now

have begun to feel the weight of its golden chains, but not without protest.

M. Fourneaux and his wife suspended from communion for marrying his daughter to a Papist; and only restored on repentance, and confession of his fault. A decree is passed against the sale of slaves, and in favour of their religious instruction.

Persons becoming bankrupts are to be dealt with by the Consistories.

At Charenton, 1645, a man is to be allowed to marry his wife's mother, if the civil magistrate permits it. Collections were to be made to redeem Christian captives in the Barbary States.

"Upon report made by certain deputies of the maritime provinces, that there do arrive unto them from other countries some persons going by the name of *Independents* . . . and judging the said sect of *Independentism* not only prejudicial to the Church of God . . . but also is very dangerous to the civil state . . . all the provinces are therefore enjoined, but especially those which border upon the sea, to be exceeding careful that this evil do not get footing in the Churches of this kingdom."

Members of the Church are forbidden to take off their hats in salutation of the Romish Host borne through the streets.

At the Synod of Loudun, 1639, his Majesty's commissioners forbade them admitting to orders any student who had studied in Switzerland, England, or Holland; as also, in the pulpit, to refrain from using the words *scourges*, *persecutions*, &c. Nor may they make public complaint of breach of faith by the violation of edicts in their favour; nor apply the fifth of their poor's money to support students; nor set up preachings again in Languedoc, where they had been suppressed; and, finally, the king forbids *National Councils* to be held any more.

This was a pretty serious lesson to the poor Protestants not to put their trust in princes. Their noble reply to one part of the king's repeated request is worthy of quotation:—

"As for those words, *Antichrist*, in our liturgy, and *Idolatry*, and *Deceits of Satan*, which are found in our confession, they be words declaring the reasons and grounds of our separation from the Romish Church and doctrine, which our fathers maintained in the worst of times, and *which we are fully resolved as they, through the aids of Divine Grace, never to abandon, but to keep faithfully and inviolably to the last gasp.*"

We do not wonder that kings cannot understand persons of such principles as these. They are certainly very hard to manage by court measures, although amenable to justice and kindness.

Duels are denounced, "that so this hellish sin may be banished from out the hearts and societies of the faithful."

In the celebration of the Lord's Supper, those portions of the Holy Scriptures were to be read, and those hymns sung "which are the most suitable to the nature of that ordinance, that so the devotion of our communicants may be raised and inflamed, and not flattered and diverted.

"Mademoiselle (*sic*) Charles, widow of the deceased Monsieur Charles, late Pastor and Professor of Divinity in the University of Montauban, petitioned this Assembly that it would cause her to be paid the arrears of salaries due unto her husband." Granted.

Here our graver extracts must close, with the last National Synod, held in France. We regret the undeniable fact that the tyranny and intolerance of the king debarred his Protestant subjects the privilege of meeting in their combined representative way; but do not grievously bewail the incident itself. The larger ecclesiastical combinations are not much to our taste, and still less to our convictions. To our mind the provincial councils would do the work of counsel and action better than the more comprehensive organization. The chief occupation of the latter Synods had come to be the allotment of the Government Grant to its sundry recipients. We are profoundly of the belief of Gregory the Nazianzene, that the Councils never did real good. *Μηδεμίας συννοδοῦ τελοζείδον χρῆστον*. Some are sanguine that a revived Convocation in the Church of England will effect a world of benefit: our wish, father to our thought, consigns the Convocation beyond the hope of resurrection "to the tomb of all the Capulets."

Thus far for the grave tragedy of our topic: now turn we to the farcical side of the French Synods—for these, like most other things, are capable of being viewed in a two-fold light.

Many of the ministers of those days were themselves direct converts from Romanism—monks, friars, &c.—and carried with them their priestly pretensions, ignorance, vulgarity, sloth, and still worse habits and practices, into their new communion. Several of them were, besides, persons of the most slender education, and utterly unfitted to lead the devotions of an enlightened Protestant community; and, to the honour of French Protestantism, like that of all countries, the intelligence, the spirituality, the thrift, the cleanliness, the self-respect, and the education, were eminently theirs. All the wretched incompetent converts, rejected by their various charges, became a burden upon the churches, and often by their crimes, a civil nuisance. Wandering from church to church, they lived on alms, and spread the pestilence of their evil example everywhere. Against divers and sundry of these, the churches are warned by name and personal description.

One cannot but admire the unction wherewith the ghostly men,

in Synod assembled, characterise the shortcomings, physically, of the wretches they brand with their ecclesiastical stigma as deposed and excommunicated. They seem to gloat with a kind of humorous delight on blot or blemish of stature, complexion, or hair, as if to be able to call a man an ugly fellow was some compensation for his naughtiness. It comforts the soul of the Synod, to fancy that some outside mark of reprobation exists upon the skin of the loathed individual—the devil's broad arrow—that points him out as an enemy of God and his Church, by an infallible token of deformity.

For his moral faults the party denounced is sure to be damned; but to be a dwarf, or a big hulking fellow, or to have a cast in his eye, or a straggle in his gait, is double damnation. The following are samples of the Synodal *Hue and Cry* of Vertueil, in the year of grace, 1567:—

"One *Chartir* or *Charles*, who says of himself that he was a counsellor of Grenoble, and that he solicited at court for the profits of his office. A man of mean (in the sense of middle) stature, his beard waxing grey, deposed from the ministry at Usanchez by the Brethren of Limoges, for lying, cheatings, forgeries, roguish tricks, drunkenness, unchaste kissings, and at Pamier, dancing and contumacy against the Church. This fellow intrudes himself into all places where he can get admittance to preach.

Another *mauvais sujet* is cautioned against, in the same roll, "as quitting and retaking at pleasure his Fryer's weeds." Accused also of being "a confederate of robbers, a fellow of great stature, yellow beard, and hath lost two of his fore-teeth."

"*John Closet*," comes in also for his buffet, "alias *Child*, a wretch full of heresies, a champion for the mass, asserting its goodness—in two points only excepted, viz., prayers unto the saints, and for the dead—maintaining that the good and bad have equal privilege to communicate in the body of Christ, as also celibacy, and praying towards the east; and that commentaries upon Scripture are needless; and that Calvin did very ill in writing of Protestantism; and that man may keep perfectly all the commands of God. He is a fellow of mean stature, a yellowish beard, and speaks somewhat thick, plain in his looks, and tawny face, aged five-and-twenty."

The Synod of Privas, 1612, with equal *gusto* dwells upon the unsavoury features of the reprobates, denouncing one as "shaking his head, and spitting at his first approaches, stammering in his ordinary discourses, black teeth, and very slovenly in his apparel;" while another is "of a louring countenance," and "has returned again with the dog unto his vomit of Popery."

To mate with the gentleman of the "great red nose," the Synod of Tonneins, 1619, presents with a deposed minister, "eagle-nosed, wide-mouthed, with little or no beard."

With a degree of picturesqueness that the clerks of other Synods might envy, the scribe of Tonneins proceeds to daguerreotype two other delinquents in the ensuing style:—One, "*Jeremy Terrier*, is a tall fellow, black and curled hair, of an olive-greenish complexion, wide, open nostrils, and great lips;" while his comrade in misfortune, if not in crime, is "*Josias Montagne*, a middle-sized fellow, having a black and tufted beard, mixed hair, open and roving eyes, about 40 years old."

The pen that laid on these graphic touches could have painted portraits.

A clergyman coming under the lash of the Second Synod of *Vitré*, 1617, is described as having "a little black beard, black-haired, and looking down towards the earth." Another must have been *nuts* to his caricaturist, from his peculiarities, being "hook-nosed and club-footed." One *Andrew Bassett* is not complimented on his good looks, for although he is credited with "a fine clear red head," he is called "a sullen, ill-looking fellow, frowning when he speaks, roving with his eyes, and louring with his head towards the ground."

The whole of this *Vitré* lot were unfortunate in their physiognomy, or their describer dipped his pen in gall when he sat down to his task, for the apostate that follows is "a squinting, purblind fellow, short-sighted, tall of stature, glib of tongue;" while he who follows is as bad—"Short of stature, square-shouldered, broad-faced, a dim-sighted fellow." To the scribe before us we are not quite sure, but "dim-sightedness" was the mark of the beast.

Who will not relish this touch of humour of the scribe of the assembly at Alez, 1620? A person herein described as deposed three years before, was "about forty years old, red-favoured, copper-nosed, of a laughing countenance, a little, stooping, gorbellied fellow."

Another has "little eyes, sunk deep into his head, and purblind . . . pale visaged, great nose, rash and haughty in speaking." Another change is rung upon these same "little eyes," in the following:—"He is a fellow about two-and-thirty years of age, of a flaxen-coloured hair, red beard, a long and ghastly visage, great nose, ferret's eyes, sunk deep into his head, and yet poring upon the earth, and short of stature." Another is "tall enough, and great necked, red beard, a bald, uplifted head, wide open nostrils, lame of his right hand." This last was only deposed for "divers natural infirmities, by the Synod of Dauphine;" but is "now a vagabond."

These portraits grow in raciness of epithet as time proceeds. At Charenton, 1623, one of the deposed is "crump-shouldered;" another is "a thin, slender fellow, with small crane legs;" another is "a melancholy fellow, thin and meagre, his head stooping downwards, with blubber lips, deposed for *Arminianism*." Another has "a wandering look, his eyes sunk into his head, and shaking it upon all occasions;" another has "a long visage, and great nose;" while yet another is "of a low dwarfish stature, with coal-black thin hair, small crane-legs and purblind." One more has "red hair," and is "copper-nosed, deposed for deserting his church."

The Synod of Castrés, 1626, forms an exception to its predecessors, inasmuch as it allows some of the offenders to appear a little more human and attractive than the pictorial tablet of the Church has presented the unfrocked clergy hitherto. Of one, for instance, it is characteristic, that he has "both eyes alike, and is high eagle-nosed." The having "both eyes alike," seems to imply a belief in the common superstition that Judas Iscariot certainly squinted. The following, however, does not picture a handsome man:—"A dwarfish brown fellow. . . . great eyes, and great lips, short neck, and somewhat crook-backed;" nor yet this—"Red-favoured and frowning, holding his head a little sideways, red hair, his eyes very deep-sunk into their holes, very rude in his discourse and carriage, quarrelsome, conceited hugely of himself, and totally incorrigible." But more follows:—"A middle-statured black and dead-looking fellow, high eyebrows, wide open nostrils, flat nose, and sharp-picked beard;" another is "tall of stature, with a little small head and bald, and red weeping eyes;" another has "eyes deep-sunk into his head, and is lame of his left arm;" while "*Bonitons*, heretofore pastor of St. Affric," caps the climax, as "a red-haired fellow, half gray, his face and hands spotted all over with black morpew, a big out-bending belly, and low of stature."

The second Synod of Charenton, 1631, is not behind its predecessors in its notation of deformities:—"Joseph Aubrey," is "a fellow of low stature, long visage, deep-sunk eyes, of fierce look, great nose, chestnut hair, his legs and feet crooked in, halting on both sides, deposed by the province for forgeries, perjuries, and other scandals." "*Anthony Dumont*," formerly an Augustine friar, is "of low stature, hair almost white, roving eyes, high eagle-nosed, short neck, shrub-shouldered, haggardly, froward, and unsociable in his discourses." Another has "a flat nose and great fat tongue;" another, "formerly a monk," is "a middle-sized, olive-coloured fellow, disfigured with the small-pox, having a pearl in one of his eyes." *Jacob Chastier* is "short of stature,

but well-compacted, with chestnut-coloured hair, staring up like hog's bristles, high forehead, large shoulders;" while *David Bourgade*, who trips up his heels, is "low of stature, gray-haired, with great eyes, a purblind, squinting fellow, with a great nose that is somewhat high; very violent, covetous, voluptuous, and undisciplinable." *John Durant* had a wretched physique, yet was "ready to laugh upon any occasion;" "a middle-sized fellow, having a plain, long, bald head, pale of colour, a staggering, trembling voice, rotten teeth, ready to laugh upon any occasion." In the same assembly, *Francis Langelob* is described "low of stature, flat and bald-headed, high forehead, great flat nose, a little beard and that mixt, white teeth, voice and hands trembling, roving, wandering eyes, and high looked, a great neck, and hunch-backed on one side." His comrade in disgrace is no better:—*Theophilus Casamajor*, "mean of stature, little head, few teeth, hoarse voice, and effeminate, his beard red and mingled, sad of countenance, and ready on any occasion to laugh: he is now an apostate."

The Synod of Alençon, 1637, gives us an inventory of its deposed ministers with many of the same features as before, but one has "a tawny, meagre face;" another is "a small, taper fellow;" another, "a short, fat, crook-back fellow, with a great mouth and lips turned in."

The third Synod of Charenton is scarcely so picturesque in its terms as the other, at least so elaborate, yet is it equally plain-spoken and downright; for instance, the black roll records—"Abel D'Argent, of middle stature, black hair, a melancholy man." Another, a poor old sinner of seventy, as "of middle stature, red visage, sore, weeping eyes." Another is said to be, "a little bald, and rude in his gait; and *Daniel Martin*, about sixty-two years old, is given as "a tall, square fellow, full visage, swarthy colour, with great black eyes, and black hair on his head and beard." The comment on his apostasy is pithy: "an impious protestant will make a very goodly papist."

But the Synod of Loudun, 1659, yields to none other in its elaborate and uncomplimentary limning. "*John Cordeil*, is a fellow low of stature, great head, and bald before, his hair mixed with gray, great uplifted eyes, high, red-coloured visage, a great short neck, grave in his going, but inclining to stupidity, a loud and clear voice and dull laughter." "*Sebastian Daubuz*, has his face marked with little black spots, his hair black and curled, even to the crown of his head, a fellow of clever judgment." A third is "a frowning, ill-looking fellow, slow of speech, dull and heavy in his gait, gross and tall of stature;" a fourth has "the moustache of his beard thick and trussed up, low of stature and somewhat fat, a very red-favoured fellow." "*William Martin*,"

has "his hair flaxen, a wide mouth, and is a middle stature fellow." "This wretch, like Judas, sold his Christ and Gospel for a sorry sum of silver, and turned papist at Tours;" while, in fine, one *La Motte* is dismissed with, "a great, lubberly Franciscan Friar, who quitted his frock in the house of the Lord *De La Martiniere*."

Every species of immorality was the occasion of these depositions, but more frequently than any other apostasy to the Romish faith. Popery and Arminianism were the two snakes which the Synodal Hercules was ordained to strangle: Arminianism was its especial *bête noire*. Free will was the red rag to the Calvinistic turkey-cock of prevenient grace. Arminianism was in a rare degree mal-odorous. How it stunk in their nostrils may be gathered from an item of the Synod of Charenton, 1623:—

"The province of the Isle of France demanded what course should be taken with professed Arminians, and such as spread abroad in discourse their dogmas and tenets. This Synod decreeth that all dogmatizers be prosecuted with Church Censures; and as for such as are known Arminians, but do not disperse their opinions, our pastors and consistories shall deal with them for three months time in order to reclaim them unto sound doctrine; but in case they continue obstinate after that time, they shall be debarred communion with us at the Lord's table."

The good men that jotted down these facial particularities were evidently physiognomists—every one of these Synods of the 16th and 17th centuries. They believed in Lavater—*per prolepsin*. They read the proverb backwards—*Fronti nulla fides*. They would have hanged any man on no stronger evidence than a villainous countenance. They were suspicious as Cæsar; they would have traced Cassius' treason in Cassius' "lean and hungry look." They had no *Benes* in their numeration; all their *Notas* were *Nota Male*. They were followers of Dr. Adam Clarke's inhuman superstition—"I always mark them that God marks." To them Cain must have been a predestinated vagabond, for he bore the brand of reprobation; and Polyphemus the monoculous was an inevitable cannibal—was he not a Kuklops? How could Cicero be other than tortuous and feeble in his policy, with his crooked neck and feeble body? or the great Alexander illustrate other than the brevity of life, who was himself so short? Could any good thing come out of the Nazareth of a shabby organization, goggle eyes, or ricketty limbs? How could a "crump-shouldered" man bear anything but a burden of iniquity? or a "gorbellied fellow" be other than full of ravening and wickedness? or a loafer with a "great red nose" find it of any use save to light him into the paths of evil? The Synod were temperament doctors; and the

ruby snout, the wry mouth, and the bat's eyes, were the pulse that told the temperament. The outwards was counterpart and index to the inwards; the disfigured frontispiece a Theseus' clue to the labyrinth of the heart.

We wonder if these good men, who made just one application of the fable of Beauty and the Beast—*Beauty* their Synodal infallibilities, and *Beast* their ugly *dénoncés*—were all model men—Apollons, Antihouses, unfallen Adams, “the goodliest man of men since born”—and their wives the fairest of the daughters of Eve? But what if the “copper-nosed” or “crane-legged” gentleman had taken their portraits? The likeness had then been as little flattering, perhaps, as their own. Once upon a time the monkeys took to portrait-painting, and the subjects that sate to them were men. But Ovid's *Metamorphoses* were never more complete than that wrought on canvas and easel of the artistic quadrumana; for, in the picture, the monkeys all became men, and all the men monkeys—and thereby “hangs a tale.”

These matter-of-fact notes of the unattractive *morale* and *physique* of defaulting ministers and monks reminds us of nothing so much as the corresponding frankness of the British *Flagellum Parliamentarium* of 1671-2. For instance:—

“JOHN BIRCH—An old Rumper, who formerly bought nails at Bristol, where they were cheap, and carried them into the west to sell, at Exeter and other places; but, marrying a rich widow, got into the House, and is now Commissioner in all Excises, and is one of the Council of Trade.

“ANTHONY ASHLEY—Son to the Lord that looks on both sides (squints?), and one *Wry*, who is a great bribe-taker, and has got and cheated £150,000.

“VISCOUNT LORD MANDEVILLE—A bed-chamber pimp: has great boons that way.

“SIR STEPHEN FOX—Once a link-boy; then a singing-boy at Salisbury; then a serving-man; and, permitting his wife to be common beyond sea, at the Restoration was made Paymaster to the Guards, where he has cheated £100,000, and is one of the green cloth.”

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Brief Notices.

ENGLISH PURITANISM AND ITS LEADERS
—CROMWELL, MILTON, BAXTER, AND
BUNYAN. By John Tulloch, D.D.,
Author of the "Leaders of the Reforma-
tion." William Blackwood & Sons.

WE had intended to have devoted to this book more than a brief notice. It is a most excellent attempt to comprehend the spirit of the Puritans, through the exhibition of the minds of four of its greatest representative men. It is a book which, from its style—firm and interesting, dispassionate and impartial, but yet warm with admiration—will be hailed for fireside reading in the families of the descendants of those Puritan men and their times; but, from the care and the conscience the writer has brought to his task, will make it a desirable book, too, for ministers and students, and those more especially concerned in piercing into the spirit of that great period. The writer truly says, the history of English Puritanism has to be written. A greater and more singular series of phenomena than its rise and appearance in England the nation, perhaps the world, never saw. It has left its stamp upon the land unto this day. The sharpness, the hard distinctness of feature, has necessarily, to a great extent, gone; but we trust the great creed of the Puritan heart and faith, are still mighty and alive amongst us. This work does not aim to present a history of English Puritanism, but it portrays the features and the deeds of its most distinguished men—Cromwell, its soldier, and every way its greatest statesman; Milton, its polemic; Baxter, its theologian; and Bunyan, its poet. The reader who has followed Dr. Tulloch through his narrative of the "Leaders of the Reformation," will feel confidence in turning to this volume. It can only fill the mind with the great impres-

sions of the majesty and magnitude of the characters of the mighty men whose deeds it narrates and adorns. Compelled for the present to relinquish the pleasure of a more lengthy and comprehensive digest of the volume, we must content ourselves with putting before our readers two or three quotations illustrative of its style, and the breadth of the author's views. The following is a picture of the Puritan mind of Milton:—

"Yet while Milton rose above the hardening forms of Puritanism, its spirit never left him. He never outlived the dream of moulding both the Church and society around him into an authoritative model of the divine. In all his works he is aiming at this. He is seeking to bring down heaven to earth in some arbitrary and definite shape. If there is anything more than another that marks his mode of thought, it is this lofty theorising, which applies its own generalisations with a confident hand to all the circumstances of life, and, holding forth its own conceptions, seeks everywhere in history and Scripture for arguments to support them, and to crush out of sight everything opposed to them. Even when he is least Puritan, in the limited doctrinal sense of the word—as in his writings on divorce—he is eminently Puritan in spirit. Whatever may be his special opinions, he is everywhere a dogmatic idealist—not merely an interpreter and learner of the divine—but one who, believing himself confidently to be in possession of it, does not hesitate to carry out his ideas into action, and square life according to them. The varying and expansive character of his opinions does not in the least affect the unity of his spirit.

"The epithet or the quality of Eclectic, therefore, which some have applied to Milton, is more misleading

than in any sense characteristic. 'He was not a Puritan,' Macaulay says; 'he was not a free-thinker; he was not a Royalist. In his character the noblest qualities of every party were combined in harmonious union.' So far as this is true at all, it is true merely of the superficial qualities of his nature. If by a Puritan he meant one who wore long hair, who disliked music, who despised poetry, then Milton certainly was no Puritan. But it is only to a very material fancy that such qualities could be supposed to constitute Puritanism. It would never for a moment have struck our poet himself that his love of music, or of poetry, or even his wearing his hair long, separated him in any degree from his own party, or assimilated him to that of the Court. With the latter party he had not a single element of intellectual affinity. He and the Royalist writers of the time stood at entirely opposite poles. The whole circle of his ideas, political, poetical, and theological, was absolutely opposed to theirs. He would have abhorred Hobbes, as he despised and ridiculed Charles I. His intellect was as little eclectic as any great intellect can be. It sought nurture at every source of cultivation, and fed itself on the most varied literary repasts; but after all it remained unchanged, if not uncoloured, by any admixtures. He was direct, dogmatic, and aspiring, but never broad, genial, or dramatic. 'His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.' He outshone all others. But while elevated in his grandeur, he was not comprehensive in his spirit. Even when he soared farthest beyond the confines of contemporary opinion, he carried with him the intense, concentrated, and Hebraic temper which characterised it. Puritanism was in many, perhaps in most, a very limited, while, at the same time, a very confident and unyielding, phase of thought. In Milton it loses its limits, but it retains all its confidence and stubbornness. It soars, but it does not widen; and even in its highest flights it remains as ever

essentially unsympathetic, scornful, and affirmative. It lays down the law and the commandments. It is positive, legislative, and authoritative. This is the temper of our author everywhere, and this was the Puritanical temper in its innermost expression."

And in many particulars the following realization of the *dramatis personæ* of Bunyan is very noteworthy:—

"There was nothing more characteristic of Puritanism than the conflict and distress of emotion which it associated with religion. All religious life and excellence sprang out of the darkness of some great crisis of spiritual feeling. 'I live you know where,' Cromwell wrote to his cousin, 'in Kedar—which signifies darkness.' It is remarkable how prominently Bunyan has seized and expressed this idea. Considering his own experience, it would indeed have been strange if he had not. The Slough of Despond awaits every inquiring pilgrim—the pure-minded Mercy no less than the sinful Christiana. And even after many pilgrims have got far on in their journey—after Vanity Fair has been passed, and the River of Life, and the Pleasant Meadow—there is Doubting Castle and Giant Despair. Mr. Feeble-mind, Mr. Despondency and his daughter Much-afraid, Mr. Little-faith, and Mr. Fearing, who 'lay roaring at the Slough of Despond for above a month,' are all true but anxious and distressed pilgrims. It is impossible not to see the impress of a prominent feature of popular Puritanism in such characters. The burden of their spiritual weakness oppresses and prostrates them. It is only when Greatheart delivers them from Giant Despair that they have any relief. 'Now when Feeble-mind and Ready-to-Halt saw that it was the head of Giant Despair indeed, they were very jocund and merry. Now, Christiana, if need was, could play upon the viol, and her daughter Mercy upon the lute; so, since they were so

merry disposed, she played them a lesson, and Ready-to-Halt would dance. So he took Despondency's daughter Much-afraid by the hand, and to dancing they went in the road. True, he could not dance without one crutch in his hand, but I promise you he footed it well; also the girl was to be commended, for she answered the music handsomely. As for Mr. Despondency, the music was not so much to him: he was for feeding rather than dancing, for that he was almost starved.' There is queer grim humour in this picture of Puritan mirth. It is but a rare gleam, and a very grotesque one. Mr. Despondency had evidently the truer appreciation of his position. The most devoted saint could not live without eating; but no combination of lute and viol and handsome footing can make the dancing congruous.

"While Bunyan has preserved such various types of the Puritan Christian, he has not forgotten their opposites in the Royal Anglicanism, or false religion of the day, as it appeared to him. By-ends is one of his most graphic pictures. He and his friends and companions, Lord Time-server, Lord Fair-speech, Mr. Smoothman, Mr. Facing-both-ways, Mr. Anything, and the parson of the parish, Mr. Two-tongues, all make a group of which Bunyan knew too many specimens. In Puritan times they had been zealous for religion; while it sat in high places they had admired and respected it, and seemed to be among its most forward followers; but they had arrived at such 'a pitch of breeding,' 'that they knew how to carry it to all.' From the stricter sort they differed in two small points. '1st. They never strove against wind and tide;' and, 2nd, 'They were always most zealous when religion goes in his silver slippers.' 'They loved much to talk with him in the street when the sun shines and the people applaud him.' 'They had a luck to jump in their judgment with the present times.'

"Talkative is a specimen of an-

other phase of pseudo-religious life. It was his great business and delight 'to talk of the history or the mystery of things,' of 'miracles, wonders, and signs sweetly penned in Holy Scripture.' He is a capital, if somewhat overdone, picture of the empty religious professor, who learns by rote the 'great promises and consolations of the Gospel,' who can give a 'hundred Scripture texts for confirmation of the truth—that all is of grace and not of works;' who can talk by the hour, of 'things heavenly or things earthly, things moral or things evangelical, things sacred or things profane, things past or things to come, things essential or things circumstantial,' but who, notwithstanding all his 'fair tongue, is but a sorry fellow.' He is the son of one Say-well, and dwells in Prating Row. He can discourse as well on the 'ale-bench' as on the way to Zion. 'The more drink he hath in his crown,' the more of such things he hath in his head. He is 'the very stain, and reproach, and shame of religion.'—'A saint abroad, a devil at home.' 'It is better to deal with a Turk than with him.' How many Talkatives must have made their appearance in the wake of the great Puritan movement—the spawn of its earnest and grave professions! Bedford and its neighbourhood had, no doubt, many of them; and Bunyan knew and despised them in life, as he has fixed them in immemorial disgrace in his pages.

"The most complete scene from life probably in the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is the trial of Faithful at Vanity Fair. The mob that shouted against Faithful and Christian, and 'beat them, and besmeared them with dirt,' and called them 'Bedlams and mad,' is the picture of a Restoration mob hooting the persecuted saints. Lord Hategood, the judge, is the impersonation of the odious arrogance and ready cruelty of the justices, as they appeared to Bunyan; the jury and the witnesses are all more or less portraits; not a feature is filled in which does not represent some fact or circumstance

well known to him. The indictment is almost his own, under which his long imprisonment was sealed. 'They were enemies to, and disturbers of, their trade; they had made commotions and divisions in the town, and had won a party to their own most dangerous opinions, in contempt of the law of their prince.' Jeffreys himself might be supposed speaking in the words of the judge. 'Thou runagate, heretic, and traitor, hast thou heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee? Faithful: 'May I speak a few words in my own defence?' Judge: 'Sirrah, sirrah, thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place; yet, that all men may see our goodness toward thee, let us hear what thou hast to say.'

"The idea and forms of a trial had strongly impressed themselves on Bunyan's mind. It had been one of the familiar and imposing scenes of his own life, and so had become fixed upon his memory, and a part of his imaginative furniture. It is depicted at great length in the 'Holy War,' as well as in the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' This shows the homely limits, but at the same time the strength and vivacity, of his fancy. He drew from his own narrow experience—but his art made the dim pictures of his memory all alive with the fitting touches of reality.

"This realistic character of Bunyan's allegories is of special interest to us now. We are carried back to Bedford and the Midland Counties in the seventeenth century, and we mingle with the men and women that lived and did their work there. It is in many respects a beautiful and affecting picture that we contemplate. A religion which could produce men like Greatheart, and old Honest, and Christian himself, and Faithful, and Hopeful—and of which the gentle and tender-hearted Mercy was a fair expression—had certainly features both of magnanimity and of beauty. There is a simple earnestness and a pure-minded loveliness in Bunyan's

highest creations that are very touching. Puritanism lives in his pages—spiritually and socially—in forms and in colouring which must ever command the sympathy and enlist the love of all good Christians.

"But his pages no less show its narrowness and deficiencies. Life—even spiritual life—is broader than Bunyan saw it and painted it. It is not so easily and sharply defined—it cannot be so superficially sorted and classified. It is more deep, complex, and subtle—more involved, more mixed. There may have been good in Talkative, with all his emptiness and love for the ale-bench—and Mrs. Timorous, and even By-ends, might have something said for them. Nowhere, in reality, is the good so good, or the bad so bad, as Puritan evangelical piety is apt to conceive and represent them. There is work to be done in the city of Destruction as well as in fleeing from it. The Meadow with the sparkling river, and the Enchanted Ground, are not mere snares to lure and hurt us. There is room for leisure and literature, and poetry and art even, as we travel to Mount Zion. There is a meeting-point for all these elements of human culture, and the 'one thing needful'—without which all culture is dead—though Bunyan and Puritanism failed to see it."

We warmly commend this volume to the attentive perusal and study of our readers. It very nobly illustrates the faith, the fervour, and the deeds of the great masters in the world of thought and action in a period of which we can never speak too proudly.

THE BISHOP'S WALK AND THE BISHOP'S TIMES. By Orwell. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

A VOLUME of poems containing many words and sweetly-turned reflections, looking not only to the bishop's times, but ours. The bishop, the reader will be pleased to learn, is the good, great, and seraphic Bishop of Dun-

blane, the Scottish Fenelon, Archbishop Leighton. The author says :—

“‘The Bishop’s Walk’ is the name of a shady avenue at the west end of Dunblane Cathedral, leading from the ruins of the Episcopal palace to nowhere in particular. It is a pleasant walk, just long enough for a sedentary student, because he can think from end to end of it quite as well as if he were pacing to and fro in his study, and at the same time get all the benefit of those horrid *constitutionals*, whose grand object is to walk away from thought into an appetite. We do not wonder, therefore, at the tradition which ascribes to Archbishop Leighton a great fondness for this spot. It is a special favourite of our own, and we had often sauntered there musing about the good bishop and his times, and trying to imagine what his thoughts and feelings must have been as he looked away through the green ash-leaves to the troubled and stormy age in which he found himself so lamentably out of place. Thus the substance of this book gradually rose into form and clearness before the mind’s eye, and at length urgently demanded some kind of utterance.”

The reader will find, should he obtain and peruse this very quiet and pleasant little volume, much that will surely be very soothing to read. It is saying much for the author that his appreciation and admiration of such a man as Leighton is great. Here is a descriptive portrait of him in the walk :—

“A frail, slight form—no temple he,
Grand, for abode of Deity;
Rather a bush, inflamed with grace,
And trembling in a desert place,
And unconsumed with fire,
Though burning higher and higher.

“A frail, slight form, and pale with care,
And paler from the raven hair
That folded from a forehead free,
Godlike of breadth and majesty—
A brow of thought supreme
And mystic, glorious dream.

“And over all that noble face
Lay somewhat of soft pensiveness
In a fine golden haze of thought,
That seemed to waver light, and float
This way and that way still,
With no firm bent of will.

“*God made him beautiful, to be
Drawn to all beauty tenderly,*
And conscious of all beauty, whether
In things of earth or heaven or neither;
So to rude men he seemed
Often as one that dreamed.

“Beautiful spirit! fallen, alas,
On times when little beauty was;
Still seeking peace amid the strife,
Still working, weary of thy life,
Toiling in holy love,
Panting for heaven above.

“I mark thee, in an evil day,
Alone upon a lonely way;
More sad-companionless thy fate,
Thy heart more truly desolate,
Than even the misty glen
Of persecuted men.

“*For none so lone on earth as he
Whose way of thought is high and free,*
Beyond the mist, beyond the cloud,
Beyond the clamour of the crowd,
Moving, where Jesus trod,
In the lone walk with God.”

“The Bishop’s Walk” shows, as might be expected from what we have said already, a tender perception of the beauties of nature, and they are conveyed in very sensitive and delicate verse: Is it not so in the following description of evening :—

“And kine stood listless in the stream
Where the red lights of evening gleam,
And whispering winds were tripping free
Down the high pillared gallery,
Or sighing as they pass
Over the churchyard grass.

“And in the calm of such an hour
Old memories have a witching power,
Old times come back, old faces look
Up to us from the unread book;
The very grave seems made
To yield us back our dead.

“Alas! if you look back and see
Friendship’s old pictured gallery,
Where some are gone, and some are
changed,
And some embittered and estranged,
And some you wronged, perchance,
Upbraid you with a glance.”

"The Bishop's Times" is a collection of legendary verses commemorating the men of the period. Our thanks are due to the unknown author for the pleasure he has afforded us by this amiable and pious offering, especially to a good and noble man's memory, and for the quiet and unaffected devotion and Catholic feeling glowing over the Bishop's Walk, which certainly is our favourite of the volume. With one more extract, we close our notice:—

"Nor can I say but vesper hymn,
And the old chaunt in chapel dim,
Sound to me as an infant's voice
When Faith is young, and doth rejoice,
And goeth all day long
Singing a quiet song.

"But yet they wrong me much who say
That I have erred, and gone astray
From Christ, the Way, the Truth, the
Life,
Because I shrink from civil strife,
And schoolmen's quirks, and faint
Cobwebs of argument.

"I love the kirk, with ages hoar;
I love old ways, but Christ far more;
I love the fold, I love the flock,
But more my Shepherd and my Rock,
And the great Book of grace
That mirrors His dear face.

"O sweet the story and the psalm,
And prophecy is healing balm,
Like virgin-comb apostle's lips,
Like fate the grand Apocalypse;
But sweet, above all other,
Thou, Saviour, Friend, and Brother."

ANNO DOMINI SIXTEEN HUNDRED AND
SIXTY TWO: ITS MARTYRS AND
MONITIONS. A Lecture, by Edward
Swaine. Judd and Glass.

A VERY excellent and instructive lecture by a very excellent man, it was delivered before the members of a Mutual Improvement Society at Craven Chapel; and, by those who heard it, its publication was requested. It presents, in a rapid, comprehensive glance, a view of Nonconformity's most eventful year. Mr. Swaine says:—

"Imagination, aided by history,

might easily invoke touching pictures of that autumn day's experience, when so many messengers of Christ witnessed for His name,—of pleasant homesteads, endeared by the joys and sorrows of many a year, softening into more than usual beauty in the eyes of weeping wives and children, and of pastors and their flocks in silent agony, or last communings, taking their farewells; but it may be more wholesome, if less pathetic, to draw your attention to the lessons left to us by the noble-minded men who were then practically saying—

'We all on earth forsake,
Its pleasure, pomp, and power,
And Him our only portion make,
Our Strength and Tower.'

But permit, first, a brief retrospect. I see the dreary age of mediæval ignorance—the people gross, the rulers self-seeking and oppressive, and those who should be shepherds of the flock, for the most part, ravening wolves—tyranny on the throne, superstition at the altar, Heaven set at auction, and Hell defrauded (at least in theory) by papal indulgences sold in the market-place, and priests and friars fattening on the spoil. But I see, also, a mighty wave approaching; it is the century of the Reformation, with its precious freight of Gospel truth, and the seeds it shall deposit of rightful liberty and Christian love. I see attempts to founder that goodly cargo and choke that good deposit, and Queen Mary, of horrid memory, kindles her Romish fires, and martyrs to the faith of Christ are offered up in hecatombs; and Queen Elizabeth, if not so "bloody," yet more inconsistent, because professing to be Protestant, harrying to prison and ignominious death some of the purest and most enlightened subjects of her realm, in vain and cruel efforts to secure agreement by force of law; and I see the Stuarts following in her steps, and rejoicing in what appeared to be the realization of their aim at uniformity, when in Anno Domini 1662, the

2,000 ejected ministers became the examples and pioneers of Nonconformity throughout the land. But I see, also, another mighty wave advancing—it is the century of the Revolution, bearing the ark of civil and religious liberty, with its inseparable attendants—social progress and improving morals; and now there comes another and yet another century, each more richly laden with the elements of widening liberty and national growth than its precursor; and again, there is a Queen, a glorious Queen, but so gentle is her sway that religious liberty, still partially unbound, is almost in danger of slumbering in its bonds and dreaming it is free. Not only are the fires of persecution out, but, except now and then for the rumble of a cart with chattels seized for Church-rates; or the click of a lock, noting the lodgment of a Scotch recusant for Church-tax; or the fall of an auctioneer's hammer at the sale of a "cure of souls," without consulting the souls in question; or a mother's wail from some "*National*" churchyard, where her child, being unbaptized, is being buried, as the law directs, with the burial of a beast; or some other little shock to the nerves of Christianity, charity, and justice, we should have almost nothing to remind us that we have yet to work and wait for the coming wave that shall sweep compulsion to its tomb."

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SCORESBY, M.A., D.D., etc., etc. By his Nephew, R. E. Scoresby Jackson, M.D. T. Nelson and Sons.

THE life of Dr. Scoresby, as most of our readers know, was a most singular one. An active voyager, and a clergyman of the Church of England, as remarkable for his devotion as his intense interest in, and affection for, all the discoveries of modern science, his life is a study for a boy and for a philosopher; and the volume before us is very interesting. It wants a little more agility, perhaps it is a little too big, and some of the quotations from

the sermons of the great Greenland explorer might have been curtailed. Dr. Scoresby was, if not a great man, yet a singularly patient and earnest one. He devoted himself with energy and great zeal to every labour undertook; and, from the record of this volume, he seems to have been as anxious and interested in the success of his Sabbath schools, and in the exhibition of Christ as a Saviour, as he was in those occupations to which, from the bent of his mind, he seemed to be more especially called. This life of him is a handsome book; but the memory of Dr. Scoresby, and its usefulness, would have been served, and the sale greatly increased, we believe, had it been smaller.

LIFE AT BETHANY; or, The Words and Tears of Jesus. By the Rev. Edwin Davies. London: Alexander Heylin.

A PLEASANT little book for quiet Sabbath afternoon reading to or by world-wearyed and worn-out people. The thought is not stretched; the feelings are gently quickened and urged by holy impulses.

THE BIBLE OF EVERY LAND: A History of the Sacred Scriptures in every Language and Dialect into which Translations have been made. Illustrated by Specimen Portions in Native Characters, Series of Alphabets, Coloured Ethnographical Maps, Tables, Indexes, &c. New Edition, Enlarged and Enriched. London: Samuel Baxter and Sons.

WE know not in what terms of sufficient commendation to express our admiration of this most beautiful book. We have delayed a notice of it in the hope to have devoted some pages to the interesting problem of the relation of the Bible to race. To the Christian ethnologist this will be a very precious volume, exhibiting, as it does, the travels and the conquests of the Word of God. In its getting-up it seems most fitted for a drawing-room table; but, in itself, it is worthy of a most honourable place in the library of every ardent Biblical student.